No. 115 Dec. '67

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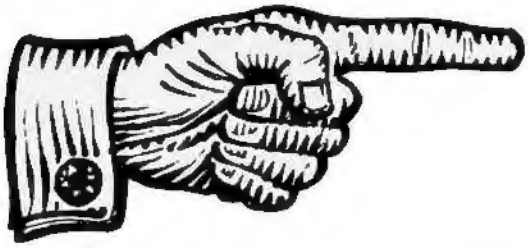

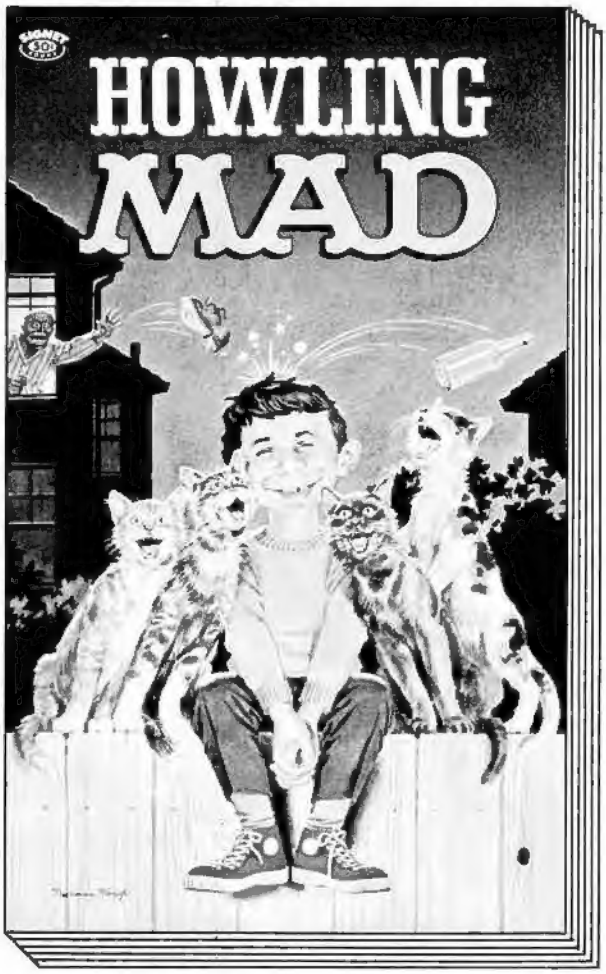

Yep . . . the cool cats at MAD have scratched around and come up with another cat-astrophe — mainly, a collection of no-pussy-footing-around articles, purr-ceptive observations, clawing criticisms and biting satires — all designed to fill our kitty and make you . . .

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NUMBER 115 DECEMBER 1967

MAD

"Good manners are what one man shows to another man's wife!"
—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN, *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*
JACK ALBERT *lawsuits*
GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, JOAN ZECCA,
CURTIS ANDERSON *subscriptions*
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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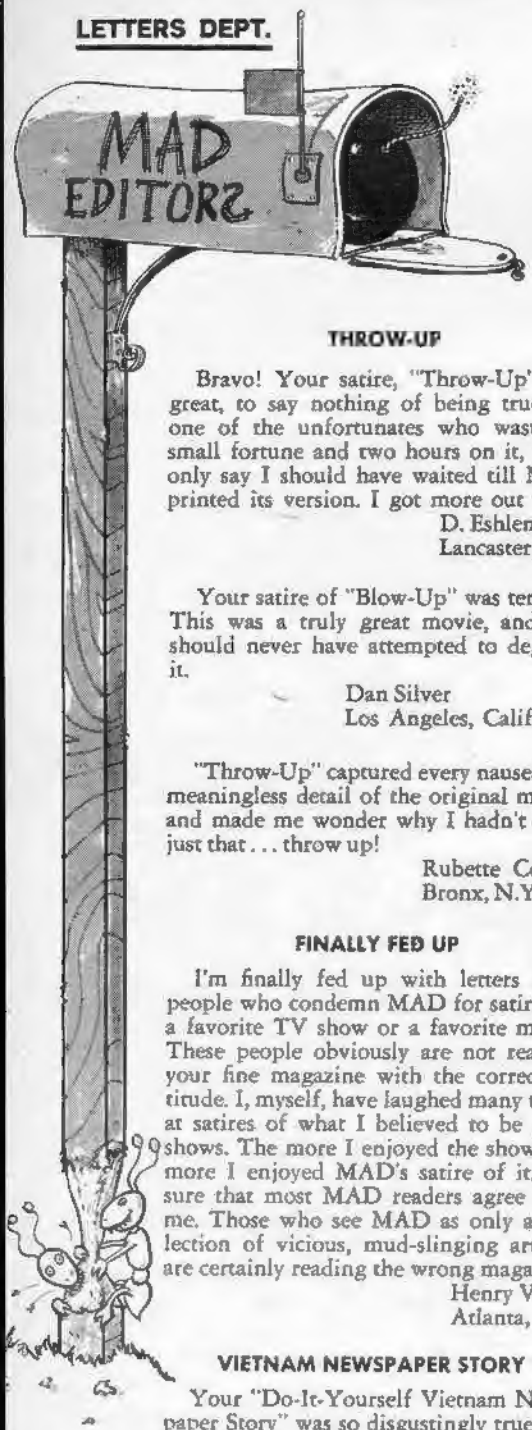

THROW-UP

Bravo! Your satire, "Throw-Up" was great, to say nothing of being true. As one of the unfortunates who wasted a small fortune and two hours on it, I can only say I should have waited till MAD printed its version. I got more out of it.

D. Eshleman
Lancaster, Pa.

Your satire of "Blow-Up" was terrible. This was a truly great movie, and you should never have attempted to degrade it.

Dan Silver
Los Angeles, California

"Throw-Up" captured every nauseating meaningless detail of the original movie, and made me wonder why I hadn't done just that . . . throw up!

Rubette Cowan
Bronx, N.Y.

FINALLY FED UP

I'm finally fed up with letters from people who condemn MAD for satirizing a favorite TV show or a favorite movie. These people obviously are not reading your fine magazine with the correct attitude. I, myself, have laughed many times at satires of what I believed to be great shows. The more I enjoyed the show, the more I enjoyed MAD's satire of it. I'm sure that most MAD readers agree with me. Those who see MAD as only a collection of vicious, mud-slinging articles are certainly reading the wrong magazine.

Henry Vorus
Atlanta, Ga.

VIETNAM NEWSPAPER STORY

Your "Do-It-Yourself Vietnam Newspaper Story" was so disgustingly true that it was unfortunately funny. My congratulations on a clever, beautiful article.

Randi Solomon
Flushing, New York

In order to read your article in every possible way, one would be forced to wade through it 479,001,600 times. Other than that, it was one of the best articles I've ever read.

Norma Pincus
Brookline, Mass.

Regarding your "Do-It-Yourself Vietnam Newspaper Story," I have found that I could write a total of 8,916,099,247,256 different news stories about the war in Vietnam.

Fred Ware
Omaha, Nebraska

AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL—REVISITED
(Here We Go Again!)

I think your "America, the Beautiful—Revisited" was your best article ever. You have said things about water pollution, slums, etc. before, but never as effective as this.

Andrew Bergstein
Mecersberg, Pa.

"America, the Beautiful — Revisited" was one of the best satires ever published in MAD. Never have I laughed so hard. I think it's wonderful that we can face up to our faults. My congratulations.

Edward Endicott
Danville, California

In your usual masterful and brilliant manner, with graphic clarity, you have demonstrated once again that somewhere along the line, we have forgotten the lofty ideals set forth for us by our forefathers. Congratulations on a superb masterpiece.

Mitchell Moore
Alliance, Ohio

It disgusted me to read your satire of "America, the Beautiful—Revisited." You must be pretty hard up for ideas to stoop so low as to ridicule a beautiful song and some of our depressed areas. Your concept of combining the two was grotesque.

Mrs. D. S. Murano
Azusa, California

"America, the Beautiful — Revisited" belongs in the trash heap! You guys don't appreciate your own country, do you!

Bart Bradberry
Athens, Ga.

The pictorial "America, the Beautiful—Revisited" was an excellent expression of a lamentable point of view. Perhaps these few new lyric lines will sum up the situation:

O literal, unto each word,
Thy meager brain doth seem.
Hast thou no broad, impassioned scope,
No visionary dream?
MAD Editor, MAD Editor,
Can thou not understand?
The song's beauty is an ideal
For our imperfect land.

Aileen Kirk
Wheeling, West Va.

IMMORTALIZED IN MAD

At last! My fondest wish has been realized. I have been immortalized in MAD Magazine, thanks to Mort Drucker and Dick DeBartolo and MAD's satire of "The Iron Horse" in which I appear.

Roger Torrey
Van Nuys, California

One of the most poignant photo-essays I have ever seen. "A Hymn To Disgrace" was an accurate classification of this article, for it presented realistically some of the incongruities of America, and some of the atrocities Americans commit against themselves and their fellow citizens. At a time when apathy increases with each injustice, it is important that Americans be shaken from their lethargy by articles such as this.

Joel M. Lee
San Antonio, Texas

"A Hymn To Disgrace" certainly labeled the article correctly. It was definitely a hymn to disgrace on your part! It was not only sick humor in bad taste, but it also presented a tight-sighted look at America. Why not try knocking something else instead of this great country we are all privileged to live in.

Dolores Jean Randazzo
Moodus, Connecticut

I object to "America, the Beautiful—Revisited" and to other such "satires" that I've seen in MAD. While we cannot pretend that certain deplorable situations do not exist in the United States, your pointing them out in blunt and painful sarcasm tinged with half-truths is of dubious constructive value and, needless to say, in no way laughable.

Andy Rangell
Denver, Colorado

Too many of us tend to forget or close our eyes to scenes such as you portrayed, and see only the beauty that abounds in our country. Thank you for reminding us.

Greg Mahler
Glendale, California

Please stick to humor in your future issues. "America, the Beautiful — Revisited" was a humorless poke at our great nation.

R. Travis Barness II
De Leon, Texas

"America, the Beautiful—Revisited" delivers a message that will make people think about the need for beautification more than any speech by any politician (or his wife) ever will.

W. William Jones
McKeesport, Pa.

EVERYDAY GUTS

In "Everyday Guts Magazine" you failed to include the most terrifying experience of all—namely "I Fought Nausea Through A Whole Issue Of MAD Magazine."

Brian Richardson
Park Ridge, Ill.

"MOTHER GOOSE" BY FAMOUS POETS

"If Famous Poets Had Written 'Mother Goose'" was one of the most brilliant pieces I have ever read in your magazine.

Larry Pomeroy
Des Moines, Iowa

"If Famous Poets Had Written 'Mother Goose'" was entertaining and interesting. In most cases, you were fairly accurate in your portrayal of the various poets' styles. However, when I came to "Humpty-Dumpty" by Walt Whitman, I was shocked to see that writer Frank Jacobs had based his parody on one of Whitman's worst, "O Captain, My Captain," the only rhyming poem produced by him. Here is my idea of how Walt Whitman would have written "Humpty Dumpty":

O fragile ovum in front of wall upon
which once you sat,
Now ever broken and strewn about such
that no being can ever re-build you,
Not royal equine beasts, nor servants
of empiric majesties,
Not men in high places, not possessors
of the Word of God, nor the very fowl
that begot you,
You—whom God has let fall upon
unclean surface,
You are not fit for human consumption.

Bill Beatty
Livonia, Michigan

A CHIP OFF THE OLD BOCK

I have been reading your magazine for several years. I was an English major in college (Big deal!) and a Journalism minor (Bigger deal!). I am an avid reader of everything from Shakespeare to bathroom walls, a full-time senior-clerk-typist (Barf!), a part-time fashion model (Bigger barf!) and a hopeless poet. I sincerely believe that your magazine is the most original and broadly intellectual one in the United States. Your satire, which is the highest form of humor, is unequaled by any other newspaper or magazine. On various incredibly bad days of my incredibly bad life, I have been cheered by reading your mag. Please continue. If I had an income, I would subscribe.

Linsley Fleur Bock
Berkeley, California

MAD AUTO SAFETY FEATURES

"Some MAD Auto Safety Features" was one of your better satirical masterpieces. It's too bad more people don't think this way instead of being hypocritical and blaming the auto industry entirely for the deaths on our highways. Automobiles are like guns. They don't kill, people do.

Mike Shatto
Professional Hunter
Addis Ababa, Ethiopia

Please address all correspondence to:
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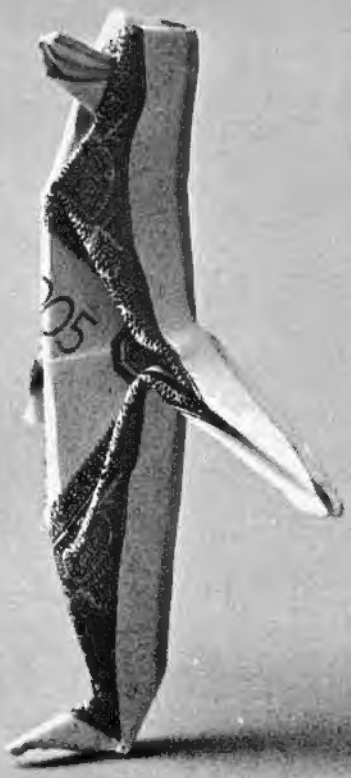
FOR JUST A LITTLE FOLDING MONEY YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE FROZEN OUT AT THE NEWSSTAND!



Origami by Baggi

Photograph by Irving Schild

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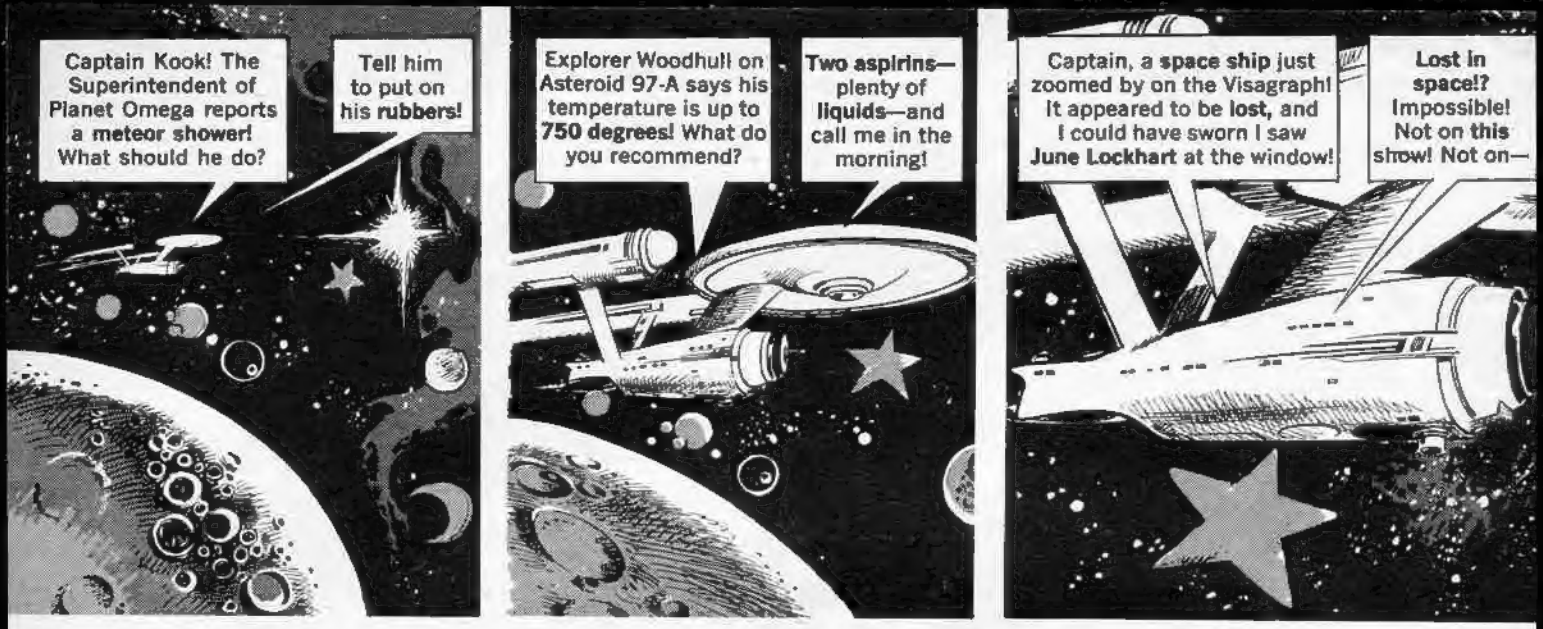
SOFT SHOULDER

Yep, we're looking for a soft shoulder to cry on—mainly because nobody's ordering these full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid . . . which are suitable for framing, or wrapping fish. So help get us back on the road to riches! Mail 25c for 1 (or 50c for 3, or $1.00 for 9) to MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022



"THESE ARE THE VOYAGES OF THE STAR-SHIP 'BOOBY-PRIZE'! ITS MISSION, TO EXPLORE STRANGE

What say we beam down to that place where no man has gone before... "THE PLANET PHI EPSILON NUDIST COLONY FOR WOMEN"?

That's not what I had in mind when I suggested that we explore some "heavenly bodies", Mr. Spook!

Message from Rama IV, sir! You haven't forgotten them, have you?

Of course not! I remember Rama!

Calling Rama IV! Calling Rama IV! It must be something serious! I'm getting no return signal from them!

Er—try your other arm, Sir! You're talking into your wristwatch! The odds are five to one that they'll never hear you through THAT!

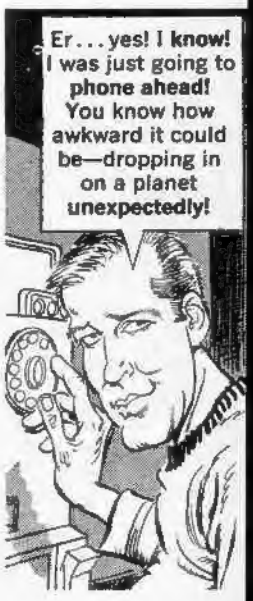
Oh, yeah!? Well the odds are ten to one that you're gonna get a belt in the mouth if you don't stop acting like an intelligent DONKEY!

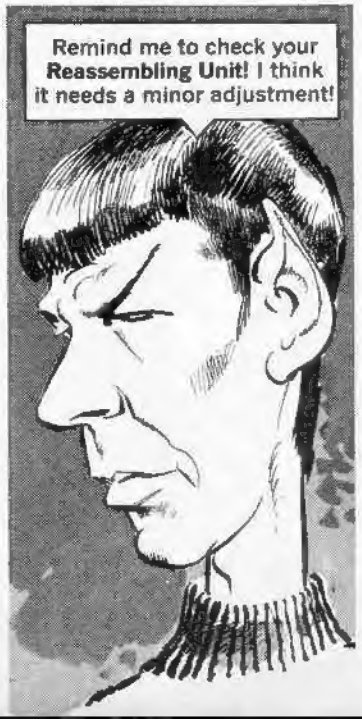
WASTE OF SPACE DEPT.

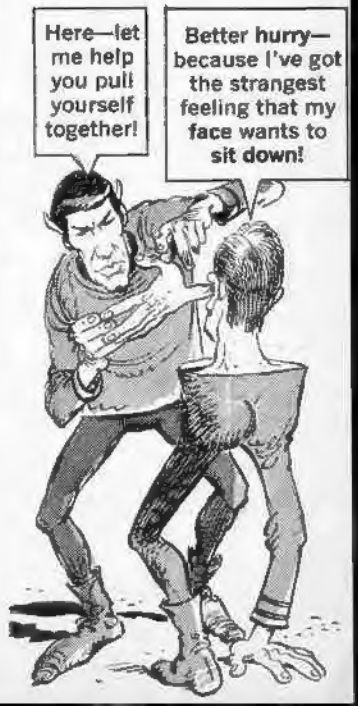
STAR BLECCH

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

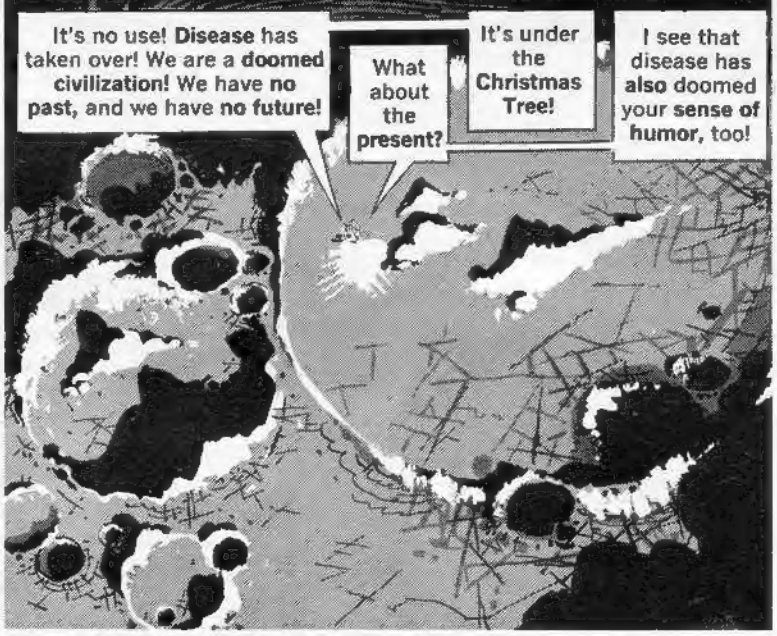
NEW WORLDS, TO SEEK OUT NEW LIFE, AND TO BOLDLY GO WHERE NO MAN HAS EVER GONE BEFORE!"





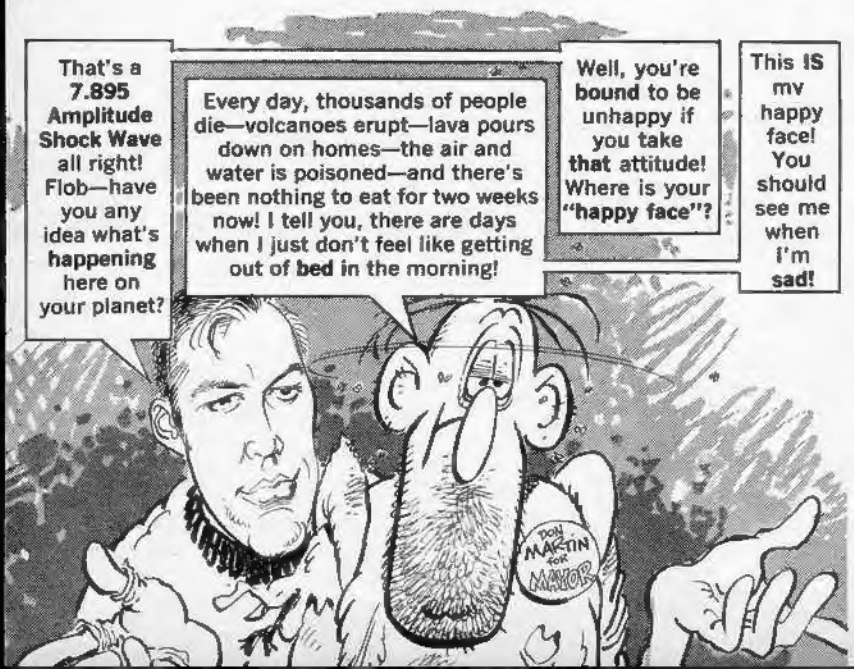


Thank heavens you've come! I'm **Flob—Keeper of Goodbath!**
You look more like **SLOB—**Keeper of **NObath!!**
Goodbath was the **capital** of Rama IV—but all that is **behind** me now!
Well—**step aside** and let us see—


It's no use! **Disease** has taken over! We are a **doomed civilization!** We have **no past,** and we have **no future!**
What about the **present?**
It's under the **Christmas Tree!**
I see that disease has **also** doomed your **sense of humor,** too!

BAROOM

What in the world was **THAT?!**
THAT was a **7.895 Amplitude Shock Wave!**
That big? Are you **sure?**
Positive! Look at this instrument! **See?** The little hand fell off Donald Duck!


That's a **7.895 Amplitude Shock Wave** all right! Flob—have you any idea what's **happening** here on your planet?
Every day, thousands of people die—volcanoes erupt—lava pours down on homes—the air and water is poisoned—and there's been nothing to eat for two weeks now! I tell you, there are days when I just don't feel like getting out of **bed** in the morning!
Well, you're **bound** to be unhappy if you take **that** attitude! Where is your **"happy face"?**
This **IS** my happy face! You should see me when I'm **sad!**
DON MARTIN FOR MAYOR

I suggest that we take Flob back to the "Booby-Prize" so **Doctor BeCoy** can look at him!
I think we should take a **sample of soil,** too! I'll use my **"Super-Analytical-Cosmo-Nuclear-Chemical-Decipherer-And-Three-Way-Bottle-Opener . . ."**
Okay! And while **you** do **that,** I'll just use the **old-fashioned method** of **tasting** a bit of this soil . . .

Well, Captain? What conclusions have you come to?
It's not as good as "WHIP 'N' CHILL"— but it does have a very nice flavor!
Well, according to my Deciphering Device, this soil is 10% phosphorous, 30% methyl chloride, 2% picrate and 58% lint with just a hint of mint!
And just exactly what does that mean?!
It means it's not as good as "WHIP 'N' CHILL"— but it does have a very nice flavor!!
DON MARTIN LIVES
It also means the soil is radio-active!
Which means our lives are in danger! Well, we won't take any chances!
Good! I see you brought the "Anti-Radio-Active Spray"—
Actually, I picked the wrong can! This is "Ice-Blue Secret"! But it's better than nothing— especially with "No-Bath" here!
Dr. BeCoy, we found this man down on Rama IV! Can you tell us what's wrong with him!
Sure! He's gone "bad"! How long has he been out of the refrigerator?
Doctor, please don't talk about this man as if he were a vegetable! This is a Human Being! Have some compassion! Now—do you think you can find what's wrong with "Old Smelly"?
NEW YORK UNIVERSITY SATURN ANNEX
COLUMBIA SCHOOL OF MEDICINE JUPITER ANNEX
BLIP BLOP GLIK
BLIP BLOP GLIK
I can tell you already! He has a rare disease!
Really? And what is it called?
If I knew, would it be a rare disease?
I hate it when you throw your medical knowledge at me! How can we help this man?
We can't help him, but we can get him off this ship before he contaminates the rest of us!
Never!!
Then we'll probably all die shortly!
You look terrible, Flob! You look homesick! Well, if you don't want to stay, there's nothing I can do to stop you! Here . . . why don't you get a breath of fresh air— and lean way out of this porthole .
Just a minute, Captain— before you push him out—
Push him out!? How dare you imply that I would do such a thing! What do you think this banana peel is for? He was going to SLIP out!
I have a plan that may save this man, his people and his planet! But hear me out before you tell me that I'm crazy—
If we could reverse orbit and go back in time—back to the days when this man had his health—before disease struck his planet . . .

. . . and if we then beamed him down to his healthy people, he could warn them of the coming catastrophe! They could leave the planet and re-settle elsewhere! We could change their future!!
Are you finished?
Yes!
You're crazy!
That's what your MIND says! What does your HEART say?
Pit-a-pat! Pit-a-pat! Pit-a-pat—like every body else's!
All right! We'll give it a try! Emergency stations, everyone!
Take over, Mr. Spook! If you need me, I'll be in the bathroom!
In the bathroom? I don't believe my ears!
I don't believe your ears, either, Mr. Spook!
MEN
This is going to be a tricky maneuver, crew, so pay attention! Okay—reduce the atomic flow—increase the retro power—decrease the decibel level—accentuate the positive—eliminate the negative—clear the decks—light the lights—we've got nothing to hit but the heights . . .
It's working, Captain! We're going back in time! We're back a week, already! Your clothes—that just came back from the laundry! See—they're dirty and stained again!
And Flob is getting younger! But—phew! he's not getting any cleaner!
We're approaching the time when all was well on your planet, Flob, so get ready to "De-Scan" and go back to your people!
Captain, I can't find enough words to thank you!
Do you think maybe you can find a little cash?
Into the Descanner, Flob! This is your departure point!
Well, he's gone—and we've saved another civilization from doom!
You could've given him a few more seconds to go through his wallet!
Captain! I can't pull the ship out of its reverse orbit! The handle's stuck!
Oops! Now it's just broken!
Well, don't panic! Do you hear me? DON'T PANIC . . . #$%&*''@¢! ! I WILL NOT TOLERATE PANIC!
We're doomed, Captain! We're going to travel back in time and crash in the Pre-Historic Ages . . . when Man was savage and bloodthirsty and cruel!
You mean . . .
Yes—we're headed for 1967!!
BRUCKER

"2" AGAINST "1" DEPT.

For many months now, the American people have been subjected to one of the most expensive battles in our nation's history. And we're not referring to Vietnam, or to Labor Strife, or to Civil Rights. We're talking about the bitter advertising battle that's currently being waged by "Hertz" and "Avis".

AVIS STARTED THE BATTLE BY RUNNING THIS AD: ▶

When you're only No.2, you try harder.

Little fish have to keep moving all of the time. The big ones never stop picking on them.

Avis knows all about the problems of little fish.

We're only No.2 in rent a cars. We'd be swallowed up if we didn't try harder.

There's no rest for us.

AFTER A WHILE, HERTZ RESPONDED WITH THIS AD:

No. 2 says he tries harder. Than who?

Can't come to us? We'll come to you

What kind of car would you like?

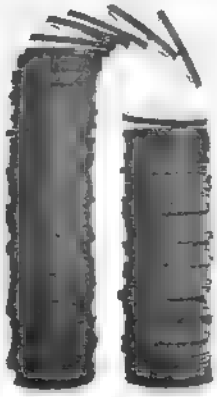
A car where you need it.

Hertz

What kind of service will you get?

AND AVIS QUICKLY RETALIATED WITH THIS AD:

Why No.1 has to do something about Avis:



You've probably noticed the big change in No.1's advertising lately.

No more jolly man flying into the driver's seat.

Instead, they've come out with a get-tough-with-Avis campaign.

Why?

Because No.1's share of the rent a car business is getting smaller.

And Avis' share is getting bigger. (Based on the latest figures from 26 major airports.)

Trying harder is paying off.

As you can see, both sides are beginning to play rough. And when "Big Business" plays rough, there's no telling how nasty and vicious things can get. Which is why we here at MAD can't wait to see the sparks fly

WHEN THE HERTZ—AVIS RIVALRY REALLY GETS OUT OF HAND

FOR MAD'S IDEA OF WHAT MAY BE IN STORE, TURN MAGAZINE SIDEWAYS LIKE THIS . . .

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS
PHOTOS BY U.P.I.

AVIS WILL CONTINUE FIGHTING DIRTY WITH THIS AD:

Is No. 1 revealing his true self?

Some car renters we know like to compare No. 1 with a Pig.

They point out that No. 1 has all of the Pig traits. That he is greedy and overfed. That he lets out a loud squeal whenever he thinks anybody is moving in on his territory. That he has a distinctive air about him.

In short, that he is swinelike.

Avis feels such a comparison is unfair.

True, No. 1 is trying to hog the entire car-rental market for himself. He loves making hammy statements about himself. And he's always snorting about how big and fat he is.

Still, Avis would never wish to compare No. 1 with a Pig.

It would be unfair.

To the Pig.

AND HERTZ WILL ANSWER IN KIND WITH THIS CORKER:

Won't somebody change No. 2's diapers?

Poor, unhappy, underprivileged No. 2. All he can do is complain that big, mean, old Hertz is picking on him.

And moan that he tries harder. One thing's for sure: No. 2 *cries* harder!

Who would ever think that an American corporation could behave like a two-year-old.

But the crying can't go on forever.

One day No. 2 will have to grow up.

One day he'll have to mature.

Then he won't be a sniveling, whining two-year-old any longer.

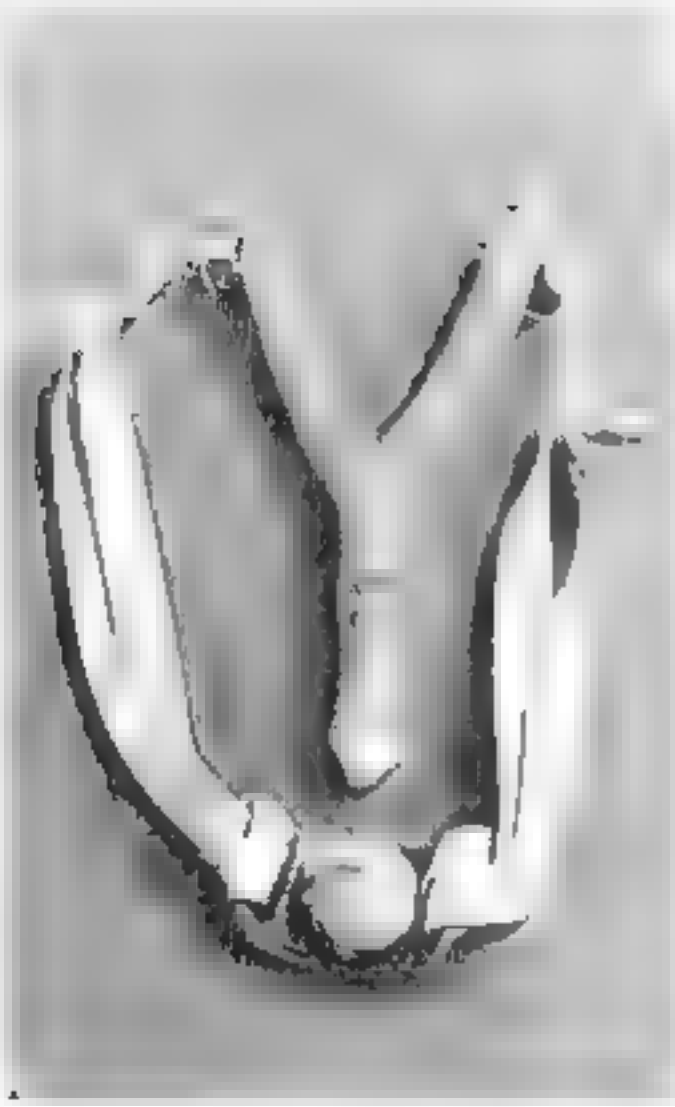
He'll be a sniveling, whining *three-year-old!*

Which would be an improvement.

At least he'd have experience in something.

UNDAUNTED, AVIS WILL FIRE BACK THIS BOMBSHELL:

Who shall smite the tyrant?



The Good Book tells of many despicable tyrants.

What decent, God-fearing American is not deeply stirred by the story of little David standing up to the cruel and wicked Goliath?

Today, America is witnessing a similar struggle: Avis is rising up in righteous wrath against the awful tyranny of No. 1. Like little David, Avis is trying to bring down an immoral, unholy giant.

Avis knows that this dreaded colossus will attempt to crush him through terrible brute force.

But Avis will not flinch.

Avis will not forsake this Holy Crusade.

Armed with the Gospel of Truth, Avis will bring down the pagan beast.

So help us God!

BUT HERTZ WILL LAUNCH THIS MISSILE IN RESPONSE:

Does No. 2 Cause Cancer?

No. 2 will probably deny that his cars bring on Cancer. He has that right.

But Hertz has been busy the past few months digging up evidence to the contrary. We're not alarmists, but we think people should know that a recent survey shows that more doctors use Hertz than No. 2.

Now why would a doctor pick one rent-a-car company over another? Obviously, because one is less dangerous to his health.

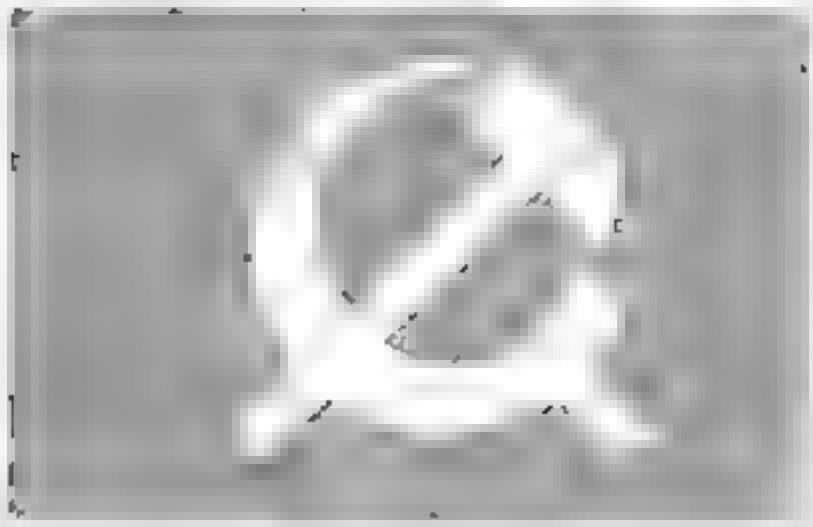
And what's the worst health danger in the country today? Cancer, that's what!

Just put two and two together, and one awful, horrible staggering fact emerges: No. 2 is a National Menace.

No. 2 will probably not like this ad. He'll scream that he doesn't cause Cancer.

Well, all Hertz can say is: If No. 2 doesn't cause Cancer, let him prove it!

No. 1 vs. Democracy



Avis cheered the Hungarian freedom-fighters when they challenged the Soviet murderers in 1956.

Avis is proud of all the brave East Berliners who have crossed the Wall in the face of Communist guns.

Avis knows how it is to be victimized by a Ruthless, Deadly Big Power.

For years, we've been fighting off a Big Power equally as oppressive, twice as vicious.

We've been defending our American liberty against No. 1.

Sometimes we wonder: Is freedom worth the awful fight?

But then we think of Hungary and the Berlin Wall. And of George Washington and Bunker Hill and Sergeant York and Pearl Harbor and the Star Spangled Banner.

And we know.

Better No. 2 than Red!

FINALLY, AFTER A FEW YEARS, THIS AD WILL APPEAR:

Armistice Day

Hertz and Avis are pleased to announce a truce.

No more angry advertising. No more dirty accusations. No more hitting below the belt.

Avis and Hertz have kissed and made up.

Actually, we were never mad at all.

By each of us knocking the other in his advertising, we were able to get twice the attention we normally would have gotten.

In fact, we've ended up doing twice as much business as we did when our so-called feud started.

And now we're a lot closer to our main goal.

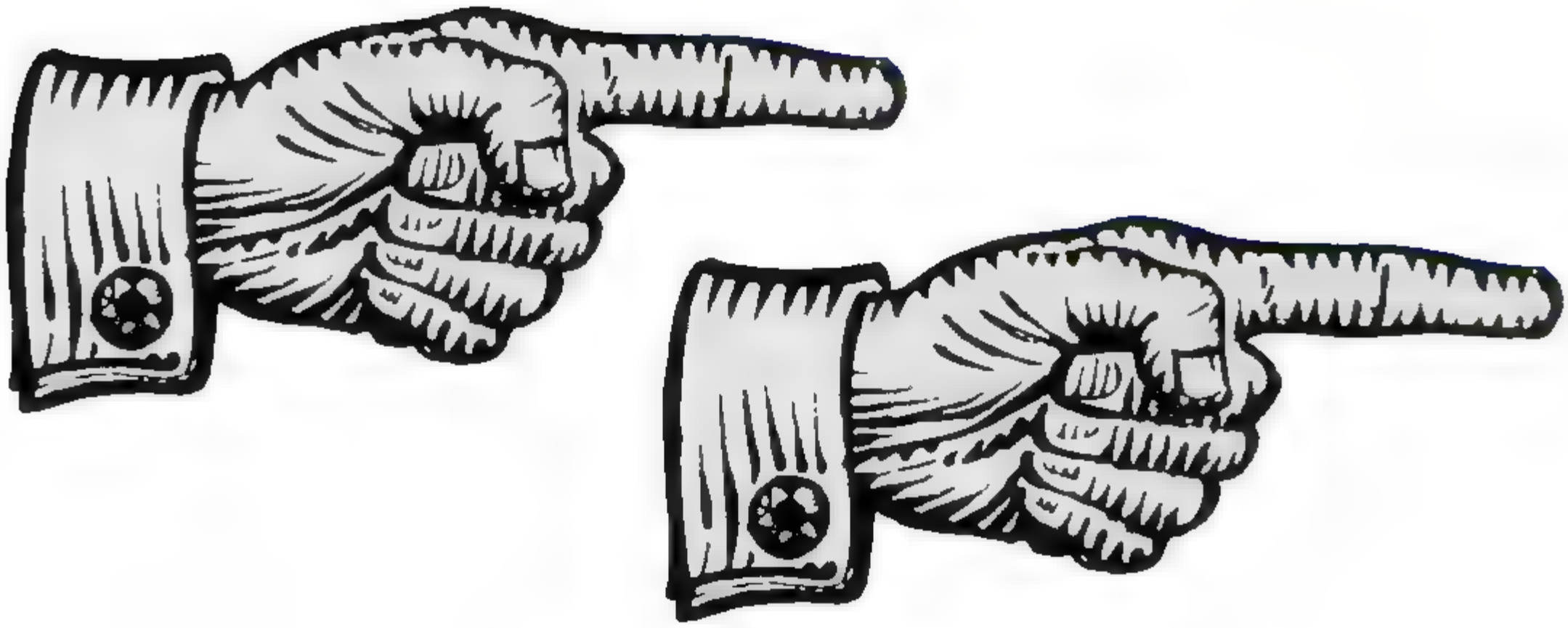
Which is to merge companies and then squeeze out No 3, No. 4 and No. 5.

That will leave the entire car-rental market to us alone.

Then watch our rates zoom.

Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.

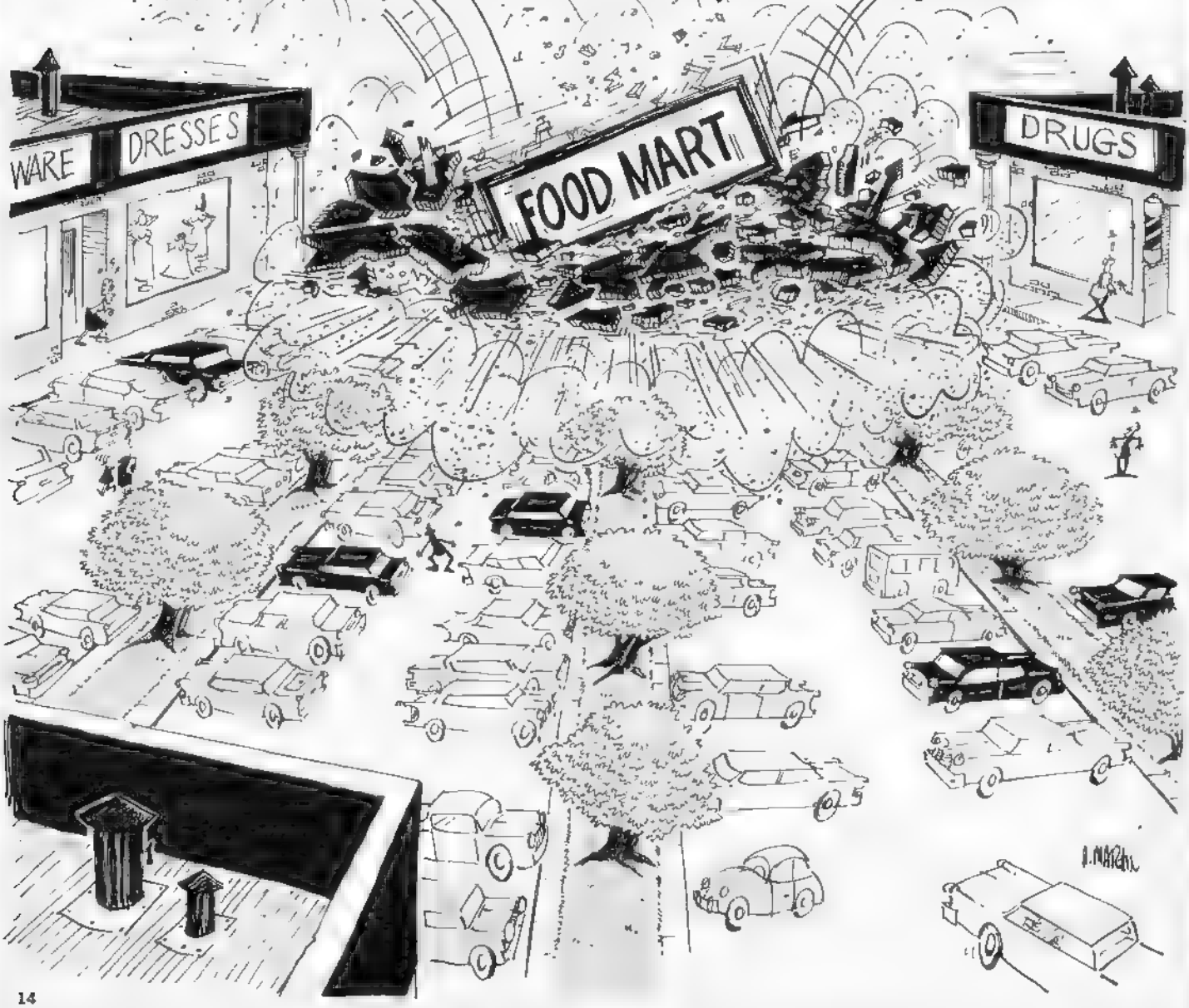


DON MARTIN DEPT.

IN A SUPER MARKET

FAGROON

KLUBBLE KLUBBLE

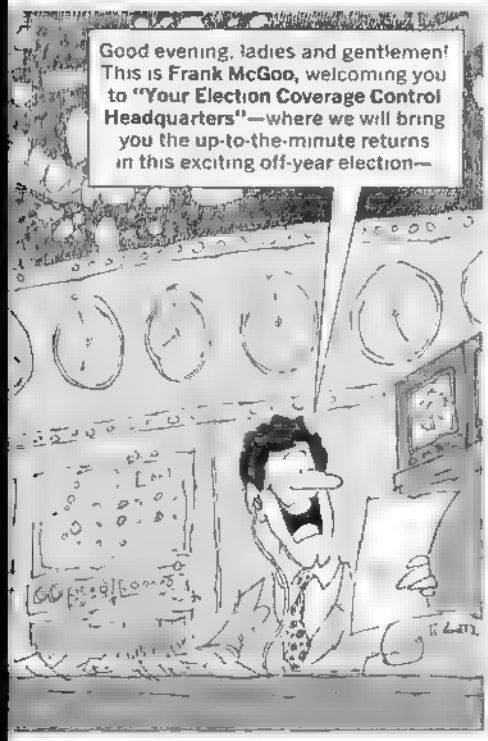


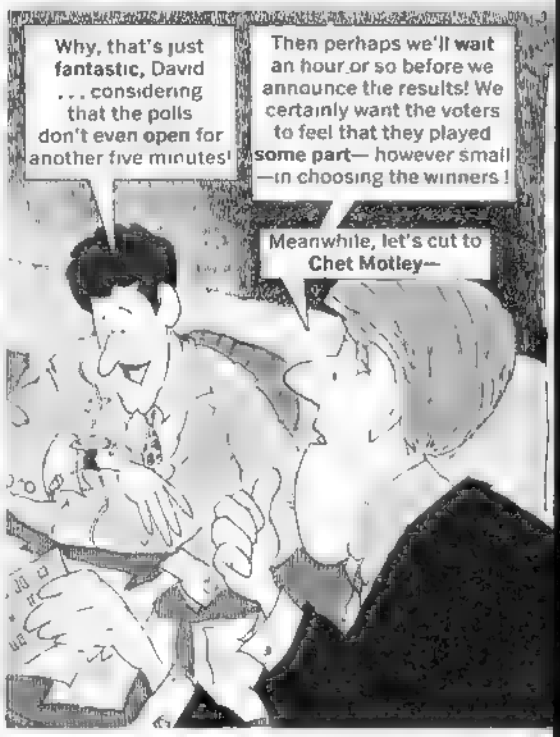
POLL-BEARERS DEPT.

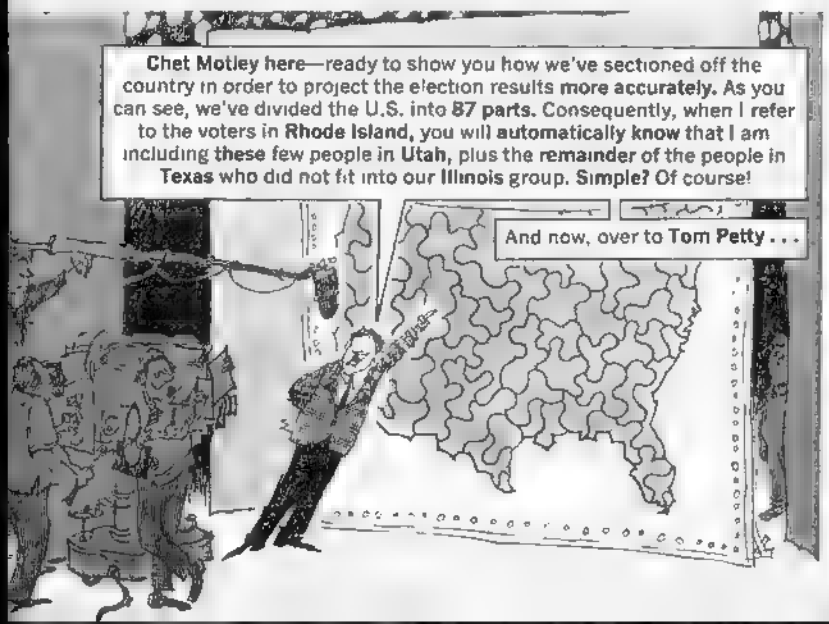
Television does things in a big way. Coverage of the 1964 Presidential election was extensive, and many hours of regular programming were pre-empted to bring you the returns. In 1965 and 1966, many more hours of viewing were pre-empted to cover these less-important elections. But now it's 1967, a real "off-year" as far as elections go. Will television find enough material to again pre-empt many hours of normal viewing? Oh, they will! They will! Let's take a look at:

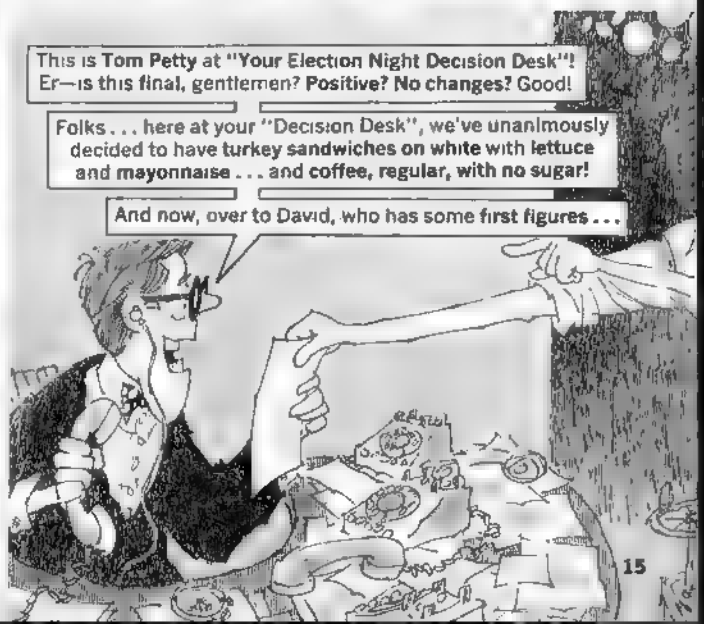
TV COVERAGE OF AN OFF-YEAR ELECTION

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO









That's right, Tom—and here they are now . flashing on our screen: 8,567! 10,422! And 23! That certainly indicates a trend . . . or something!
8567
10422
23
And now, let's switch to one of our various "Remote Units" at Election Headquarters around the country. First, to Jim Hurtz—in Garret Park, Maryland
Thank you, David! Here in Garret Park, the hottest race in this 1967 election is for "Corporation Counsel to the Temporary President of the Board of Freeholders"! And here with me now, is the incumbent, Mr. Russ Trusty—
Who's an incumbent!? Hold on, there, Mister! Let's not have any mud-slinging and name-calling! If you want to hear that kind of slime, go over to the headquarters of my big-mouthed, Communist-backed, wife-stealing opponent! I'm doing a great job as Counsel for the Board of Freeloaders—er, HOLDERS!

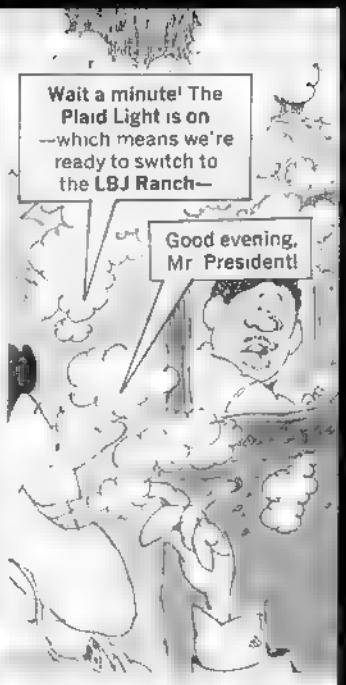
Two more predictions from the RCA 409, Frank! In Bent Fork, Idaho, the computer predicts that Mr. Gene Scandur will win as "Senior Secretary of the Retirement System"— and in less than one hour after accepting the office . he'll retire!
Our machine also predicts that Mrs. Hillary Harris will win as "Confidential Clerk" to the Mayor of Shlumpville, Indiana! We have our TV cameras with Mrs. Harris, so let s go out to Shlumpville .
How do you feel about winning as "Confidential Clerk," Mrs. Harris?
I'll never tell a soul!
And now, out to Marlene Dodes, with another of our "Official Winners," according to our RCA Super 409 Computer . .
Marlene Dodes, here with Mr. Steven Sigler, the new "Alderman-at-Large" of Goosebay Creek. Incidentally, Frank—this was not a run-of-the-mill election win. Although the computer did predict that Mr. Sigler would win, he did not receive a majority of the votes cast!

However, as you can see, we now have a team of high school students correcting errors on the ballots in order to make them agree with the predict'on of our computer. As it stands now, they are within 1/10th of 1% of each other . . .
Amazing accuracy! Thank you, Marlene!
And now, to the election race that the eyes of the whole nation have been focused upon all evening! Let's switch to Fleabag, Ohio— and Iva Gardner . . .
Thank you, Frank! Iva Gardner here in Fleabag, Ohio—with the official winner—according to our computer—in the race for "City Stenographer"— Mr. Gregg Shorthand! How does it feel to be City Stenographer, Gregg?
Wndrfl . . . jst wndrfl! Im vry hpy & grtfl!

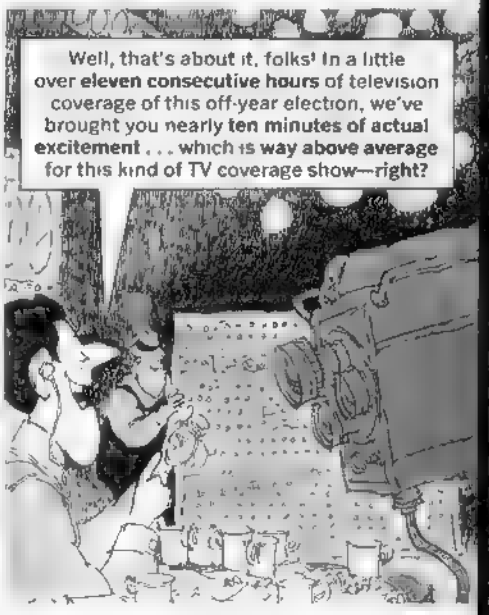
And now, over to the Hotel Windex in Independence, Missouri, and Bill Fuller . . .
We're ON!? Er— Huh? (Yawn!) Wha—?
Bill Fuller, here in Independence! Gee, I was starting to worry that maybe you guys forgot about me!

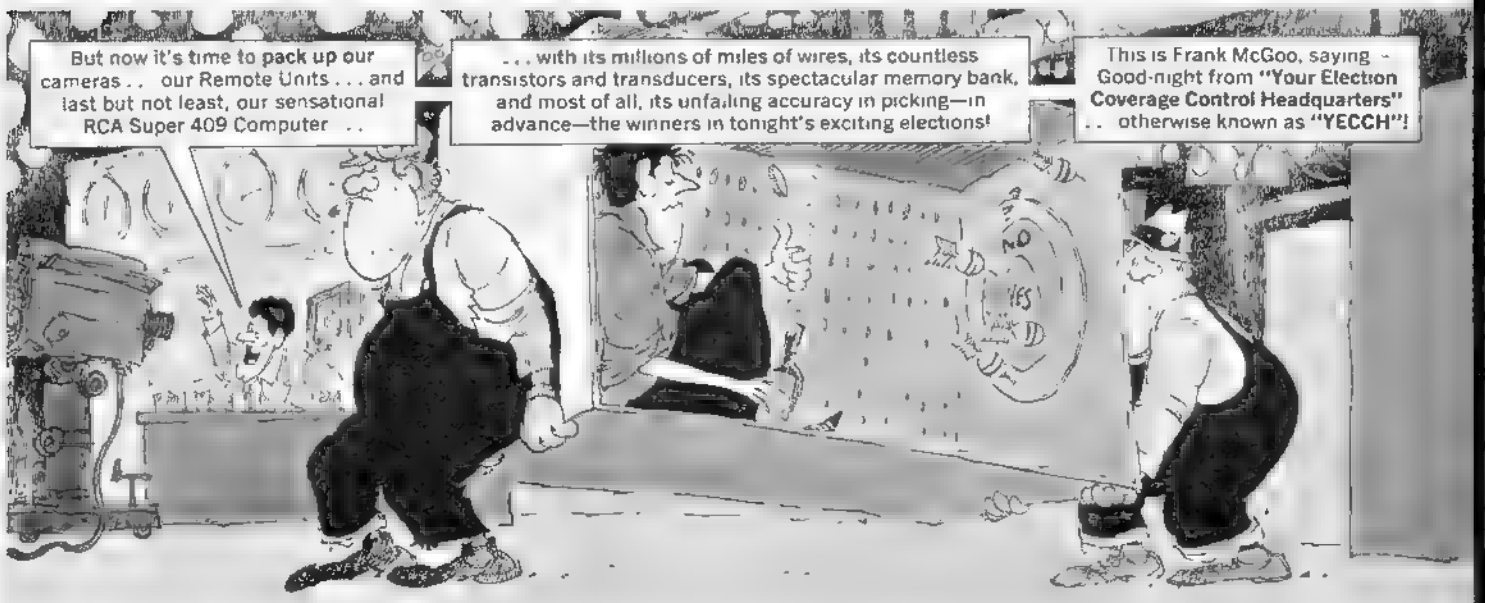
Well, from where I sit, Mr. Dewey is forging ahead in this extremely close Presidential race, and we can just about count Mr. Truman out!

Thank you, Bill —for that up-to-the minute report!
And now I see that the Red Light is flashing . . . which means that the Green Light is defective! May we have a technician, please . . . ?


Wait a minute! The Plaid Light is on —which means we're ready to switch to the LBJ Ranch—
Good evening, Mr President!

Good evening—only I'm not the President! I'm the Butler! The President is out!
Oh? Some national crisis, no doubt!
No, sir! He went to the movies!
Oh? Some film of pressing importance?
No, sir! "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs"!


Well, that's about it, folks! In a little over eleven consecutive hours of television coverage of this off-year election, we've brought you nearly ten minutes of actual excitement . . . which is way above average for this kind of TV coverage show—right?


But now it's time to pack up our cameras . . our Remote Units . . . and last but not least, our sensational RCA Super 409 Computer . .
. . . with its millions of miles of wires, its countless transistors and transducers, its spectacular memory bank, and most of all, its unfailing accuracy in picking—in advance—the winners in tonight's exciting elections!
This is Frank McGoo, saying - Good-night from "Your Election Coverage Control Headquarters" . . otherwise known as "YECCH"!

PHRASING A COIN DEPT.

In the old days, kids used to collect worthless things like "gum cards" and "bottle caps". Today, the big hobby among members of our modern younger generation is "coin collecting". (No fools, you modern kids!). And so, after diligent searching (and some sneaky counterfeiting), we are now able to present a collection of rare coins and bills that aren't (but should be) in the catalogues. So feast your beady little mercenary eyes on these

MAD MINTLIES

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: WILLIAM GARVIN

The ONE RED CENT

. . . every door-to-door salesman promises his product won't cost you unless you're 100% satisfied.

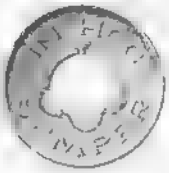
The PENNY

. . . your wife is always accusing you of being a pincher of.

The TWO CENTS

. . . someone is always putting into your private conversations.

The PLUGGED NICKEL



. . . your chances of getting that raise aren't worth.

The DIME

. . . used car dealers always assure you their cars will stop on.

The DOLLAR

. . . your doctor is always telling you you're sound as, even though you feel awful.

The THREE DOLLAR BILL

. . . most of your friends are as phony as.

LABOR OF LOVE DEPT.

From generation to generation, relationships between males and females have wound up in one of two ways: Moderate Misery . . . or Complete Misery! That's never changed! What has changed, however, are the attitudes and techniques in the area of "Dating". MAD now examines three generations of these attitudes and techniques in order to trace . . .

The Evolution Of Dating

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

1890-1910

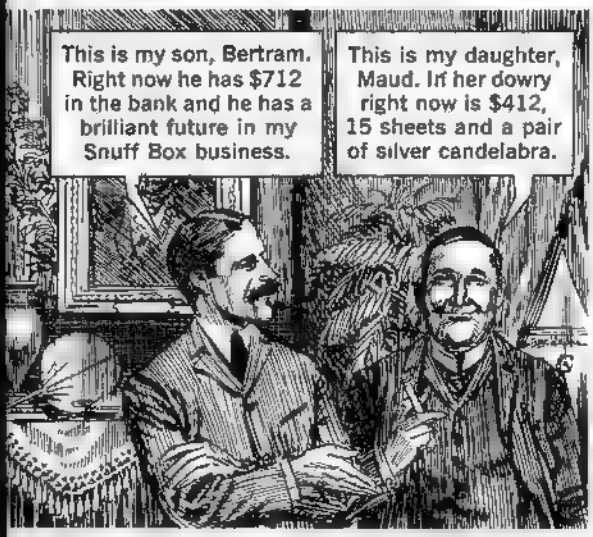
1930-1950

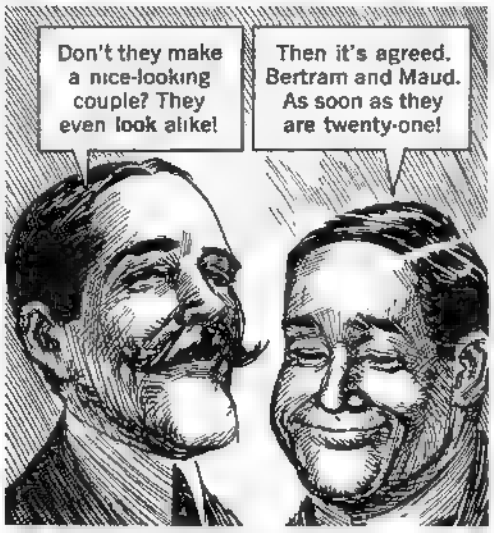
TODAY

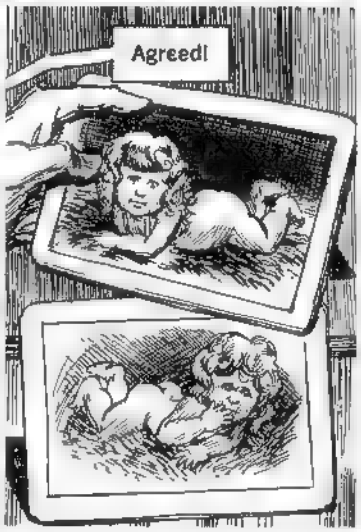
THE ARRANGEMENTS

1890-1910

In this period, people were very mature in their attitudes toward arranging dates. Mainly because the people who did the arranging were the Parents.

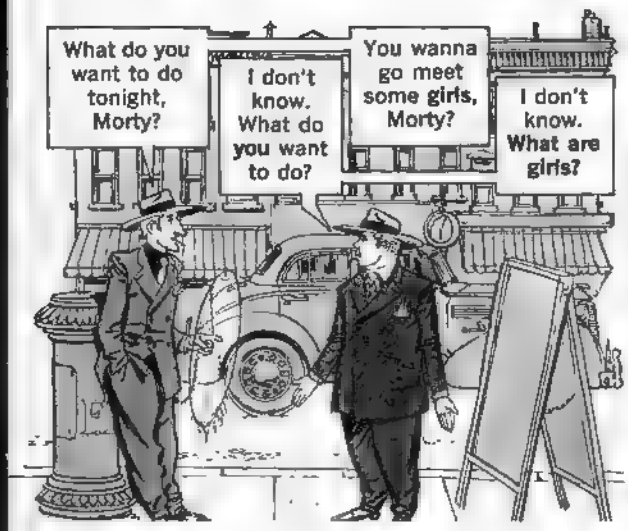






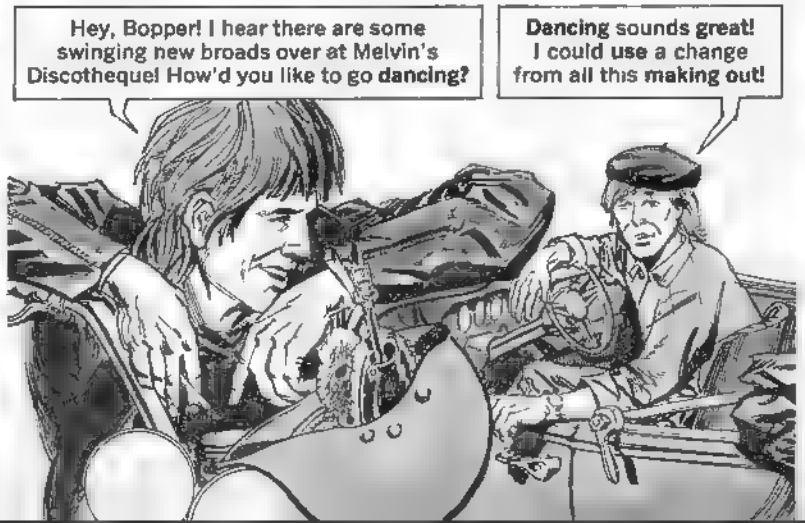
1930-1950

In this period, arranging dates was taken out of the hands of parents and handled by young people themselves. But because of their Victorian upbringing, young people were confused about the opposite sex and didn't start dating until they were old enough to be Parents.

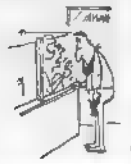


TODAY

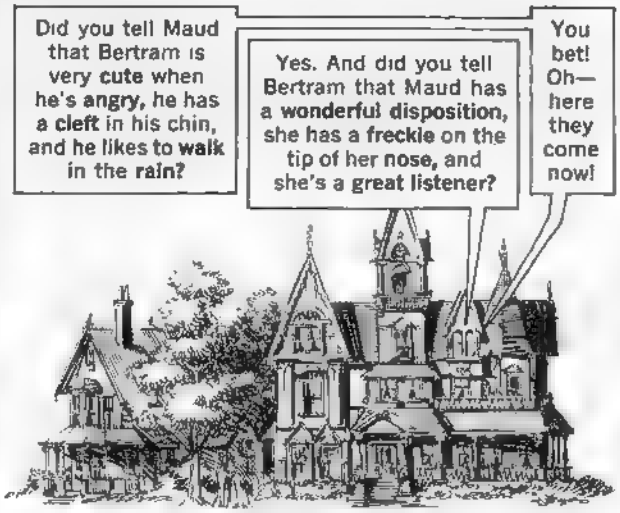
Nowadays, not only do young people arrange their own dates, but they know all there is to know about the opposite sex.

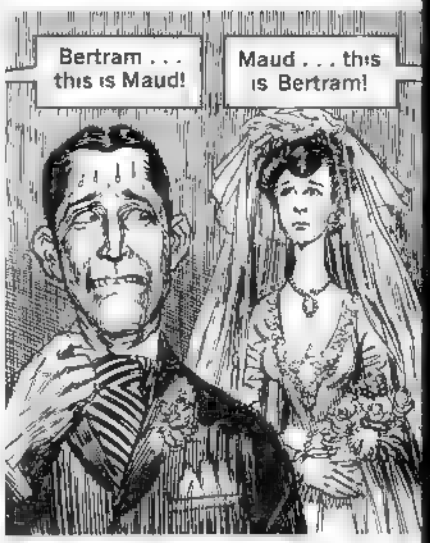


THE MEETING

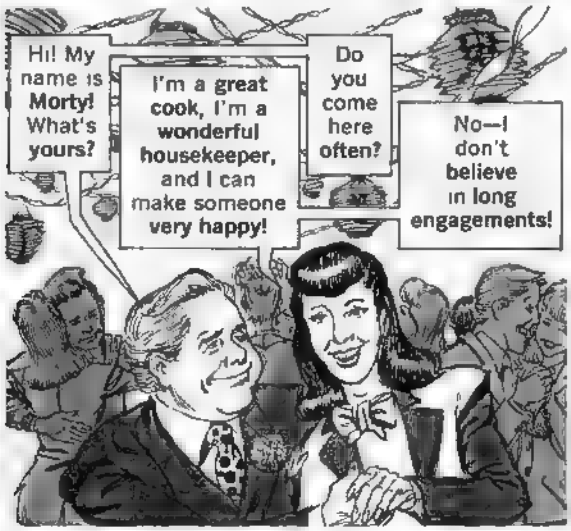


1890-1910 **When Bertram and Maud were both 21, that first date . . . arranged years ago by their Parents, finally came to pass.**





1930-1950 **During this period, boys often met and got to know girls while doing something called a "Fox Trot". This was an activity in which the boy and girl moved slowly around a Dance Floor in time to music, holding each other closely. This will never happen again in our life-time.**

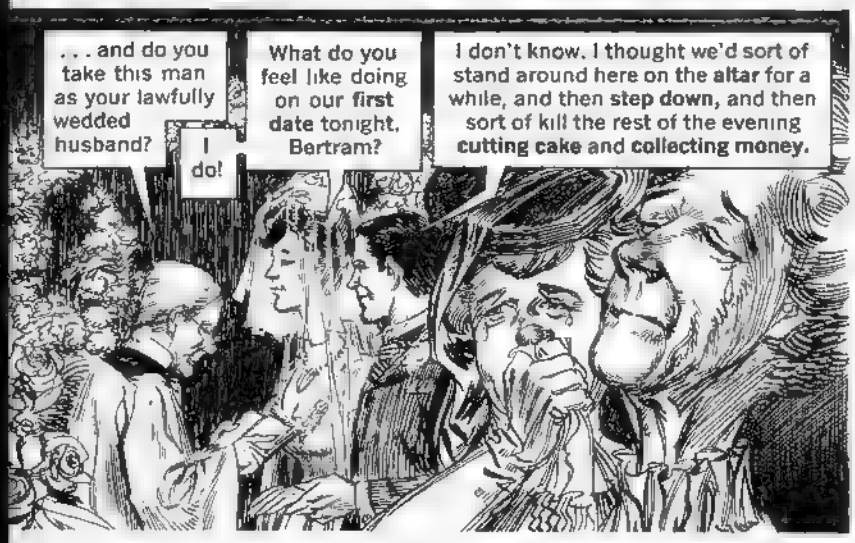


TODAY **Nowadays, the first meeting between a boy and girl is not as cut and dried, but instead is fraught with suspense and intrigue. Mainly because neither of them is at all sure that it is a meeting.**

THE DATING

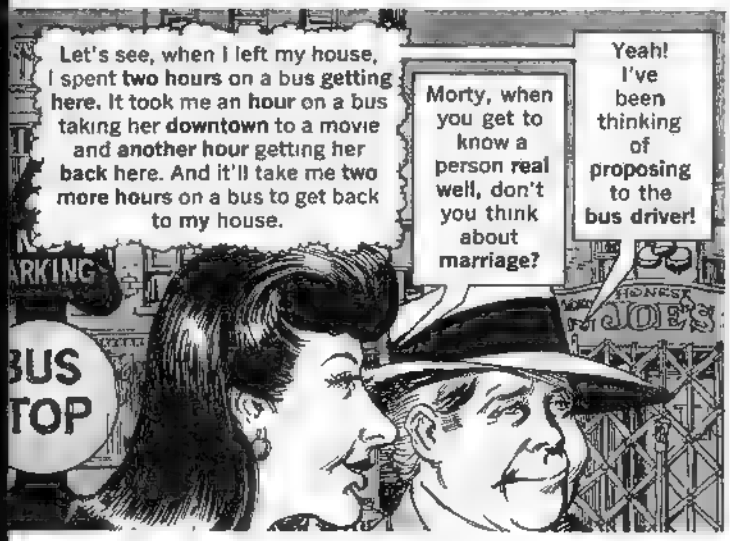
1890-1910

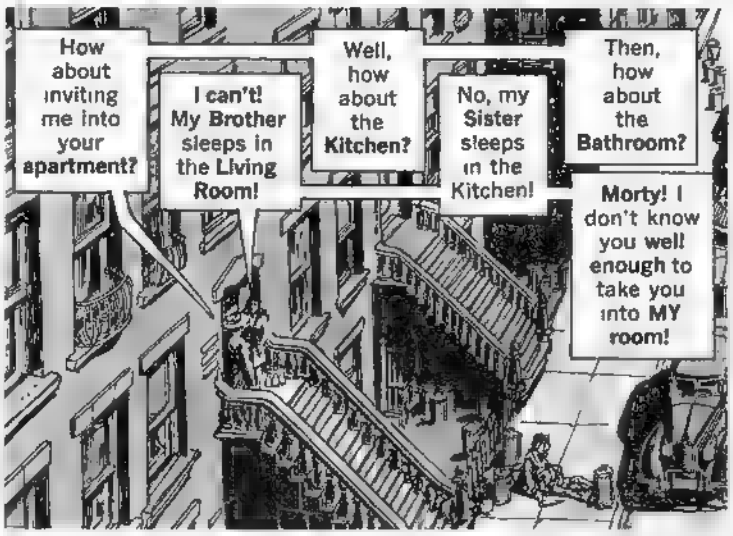
The dating period before marriage for a young couple of this generation was understandably short. Like about twenty minutes.



1930-1950

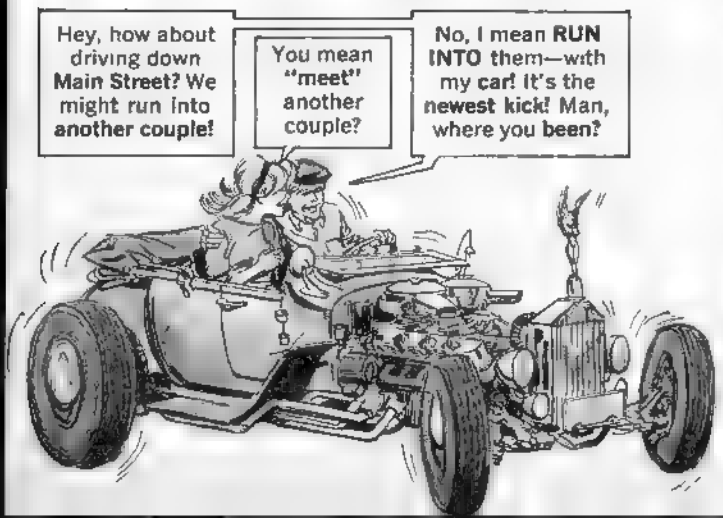
Once Morty and his girl started dating, different kinds of problems set in. Namely . . . travel . . . and privacy.

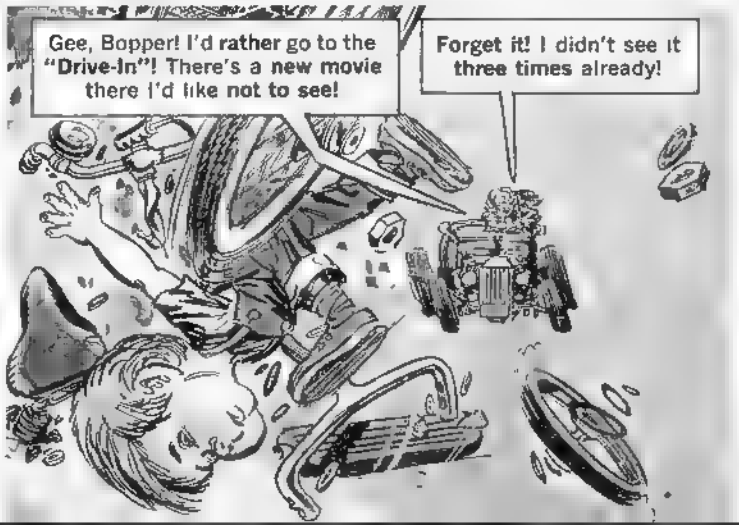




TODAY

Nowadays, there are no problems with transportation or privacy on dates. Every kid from 12 on up owns and drives his own car.

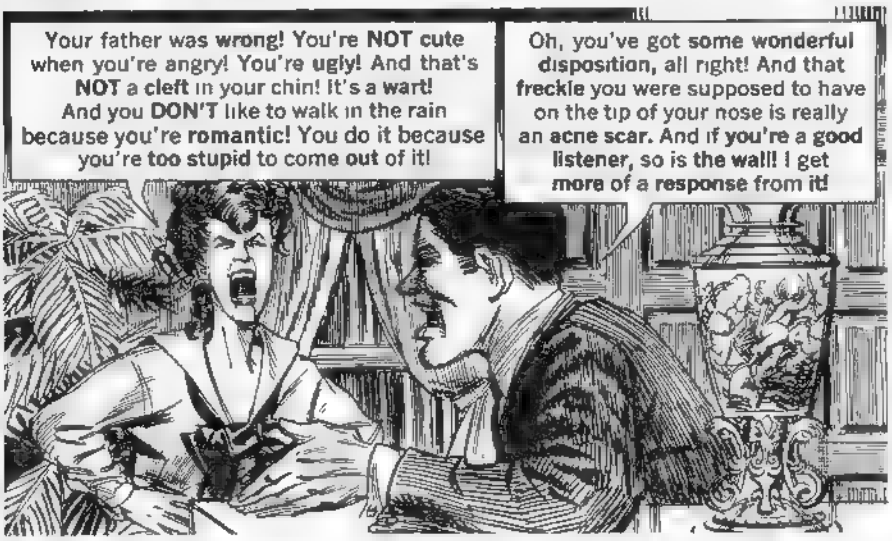


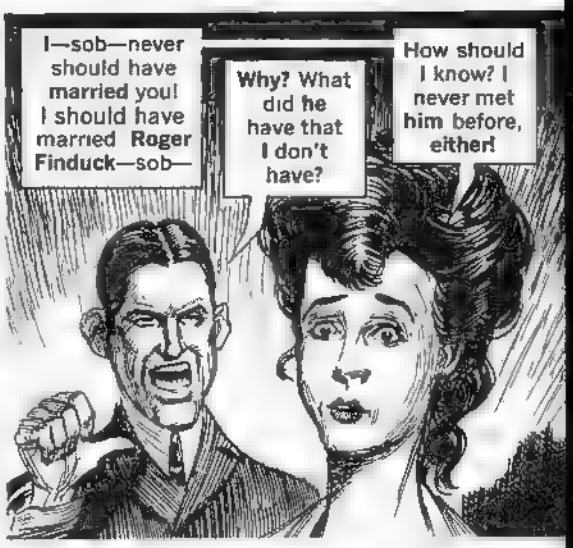


THE MARRIAGE

1890-1910

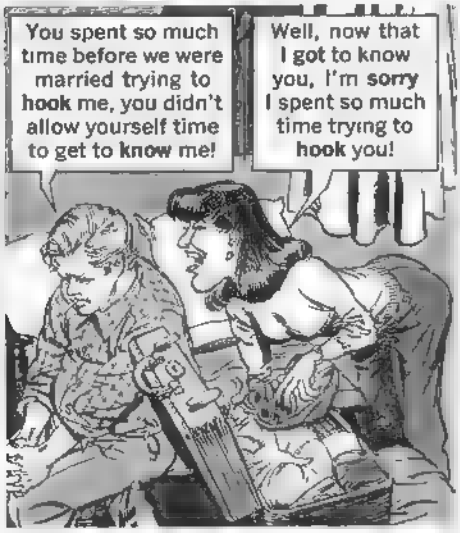
A good percentage of marriages made during this period didn't work out . . . for obvious reasons.





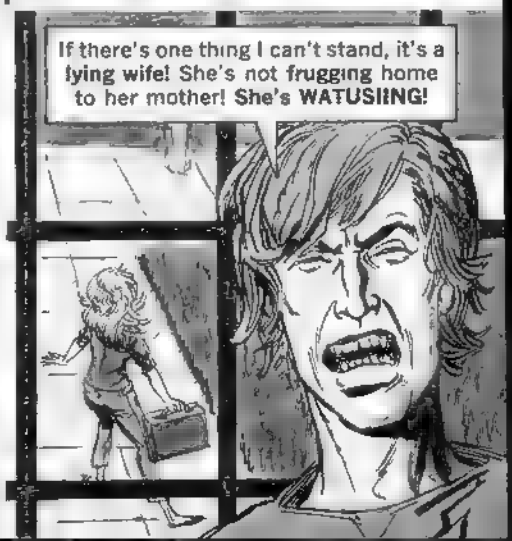
1930-1950

Many marriages that took place during this period didn't work out either . . . but for slightly different reasons.



TODAY

With the modern generation totally involved in kicks and causes, and totally uninvolved with people, young marrieds today can't possibly know they're incompatible until it's too late.



To repeat what we said in the beginning: While dating methods may have changed through the years, the results were often, unfortunately the same. Up to now, there has been no sure-fire way for young people to know how suited they are for each other until after marriage—when it's too late.

DATING BY C

THE ARRANGEMENTS

No more selfish Parents arranging dates! No more desperate trips to dances and discotheques in search of the ideal mate. For a modest fee, you simply fill out the detailed questionnaire . . .

PHYSICAL INFORMATION

MY HEIGHT IS (CHECK ONE):
Under 5' ( ) 5'-5'5" ( ) 5'5"-6' ( )
Over 6' ( ) None of these ( )

I WANT TO MEET SOMEONE (CHECK ONE):
Under 5' ( ) 5'-5'5" ( ) 5'5"-6' ( )
Over 6' ( ) None of these ( )

MY EYES ARE (CHECK ONE):
Blue ( ) Brown ( ) Hazel ( ) Crossed ( )

MY DATE'S EYES SHOULD BE (CHECK ONE):
Blue ( ) Brown ( ) Hazel ( ) Closed ( )

MY HAIR IS (CHECK ONE):
Black ( ) Brown ( ) Red ( ) Blonde ( )

MY DATE'S HAIR SHOULD BE (CHECK ONE):
Black ( ) Brown ( ) Red ( ) Combed ( )

EMOTIONAL INFORMATION

I like boys more than girls ( )
I like girls more than boys ( )
I like boys and girls equally ( )
I hate boys more than girls ( )
I hate girls more than boys ( )
I hate boys and girls equally ( )
I am very affectionate ( )
I am not very affectionate ( )
I laugh when I'm happy ( )
I cry when I'm happy ( )
I have many bad habits ( )
I have no bad habits ( )
I checked *all* of the above items ( )
I am very confused about myself ( )

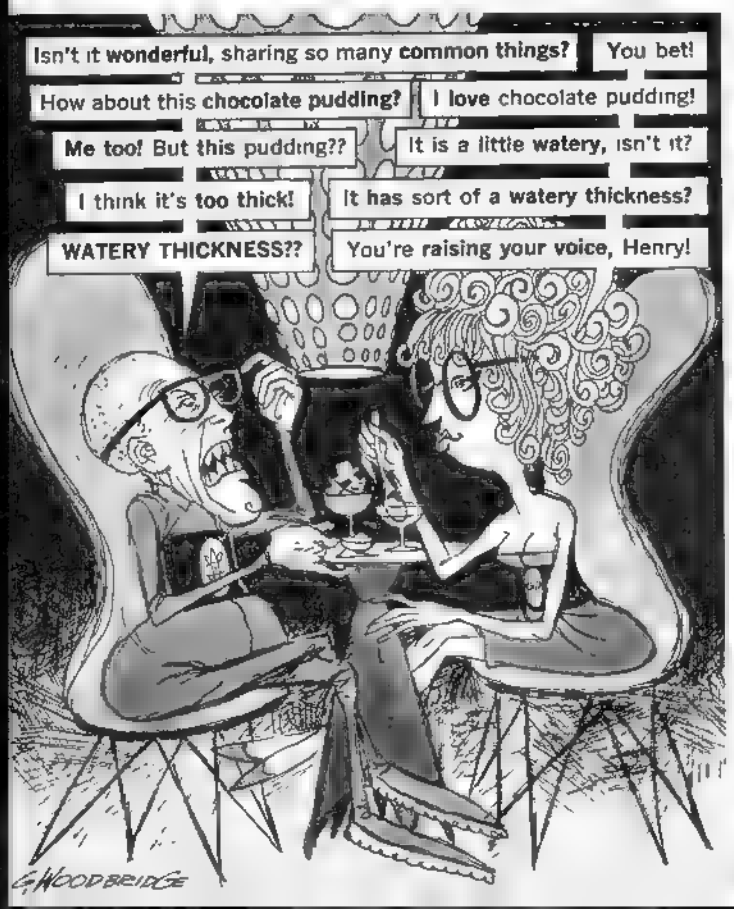
MORAL INFORMATION

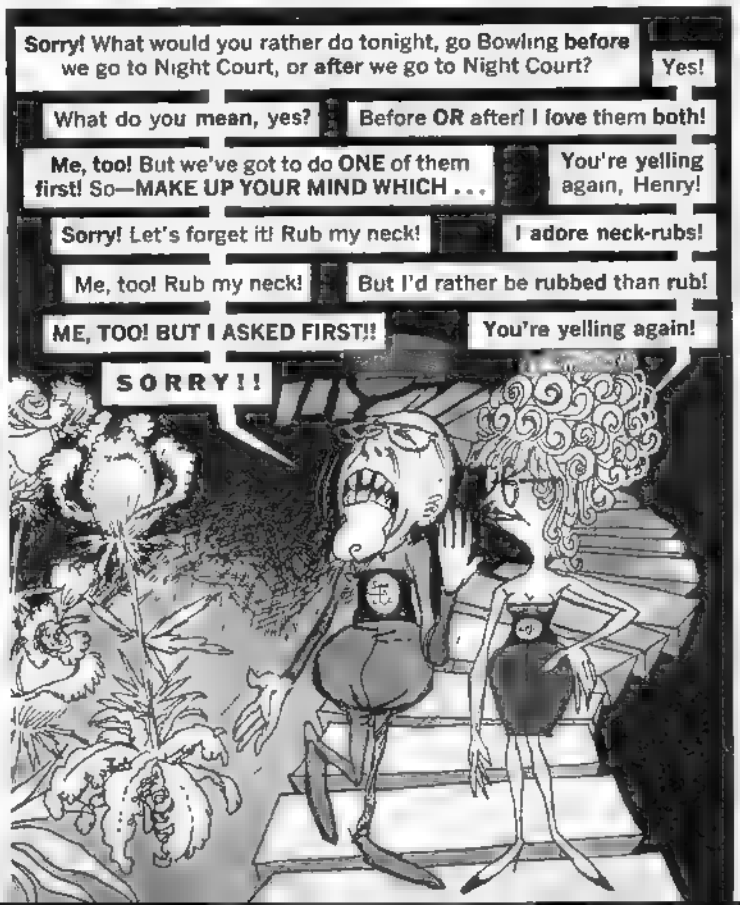
I WILL NOT OBJECT TO THE FOLLOWING ACTIVITIES ON MY FIRST DATE:

Holding hands ( )
Hugging and squeezing ( )
Kissing ( )
Ear-blowing ( )
Going a little further ( )
Going even further ( )
Going still further ( )
Going the furthest possible from "still further" ( )
I will not object to meeting a nice writer of computer information forms if I checked everything up to here ( )

THE DATING

Once the dating begins, all the anguish ends. No more psyche-probing, no more suspense about compatibility of interests. You know exactly what you both have in common, and you do nothing but share all of these things together.



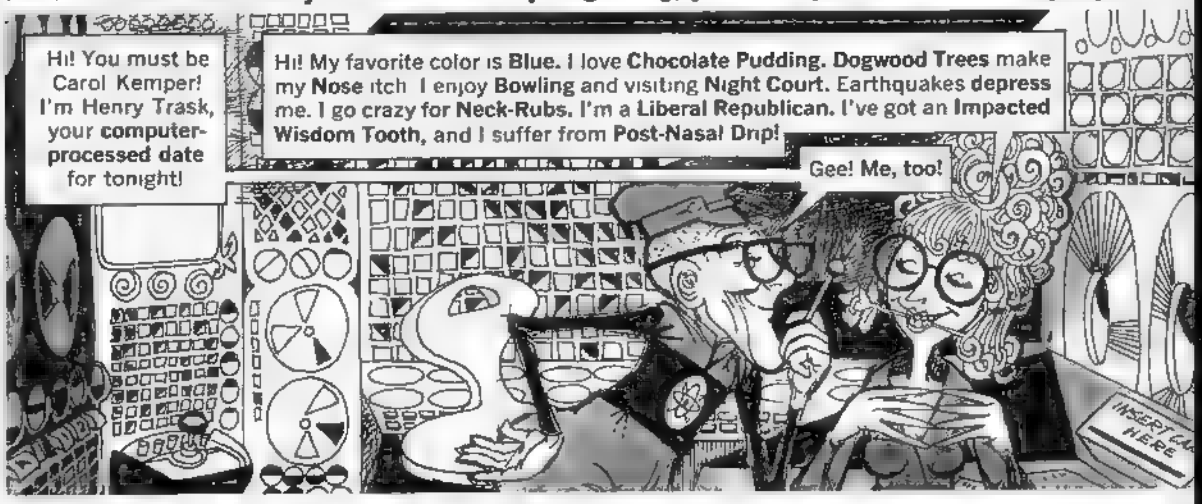


However, today there are people who claim that all this will be changed by a revolutionary new system which will cut through the uncertainty and deliver the goods scientifically. And so, in the same step-by-step process we've just used, let us examine the new phenonenon called . . .

omputers

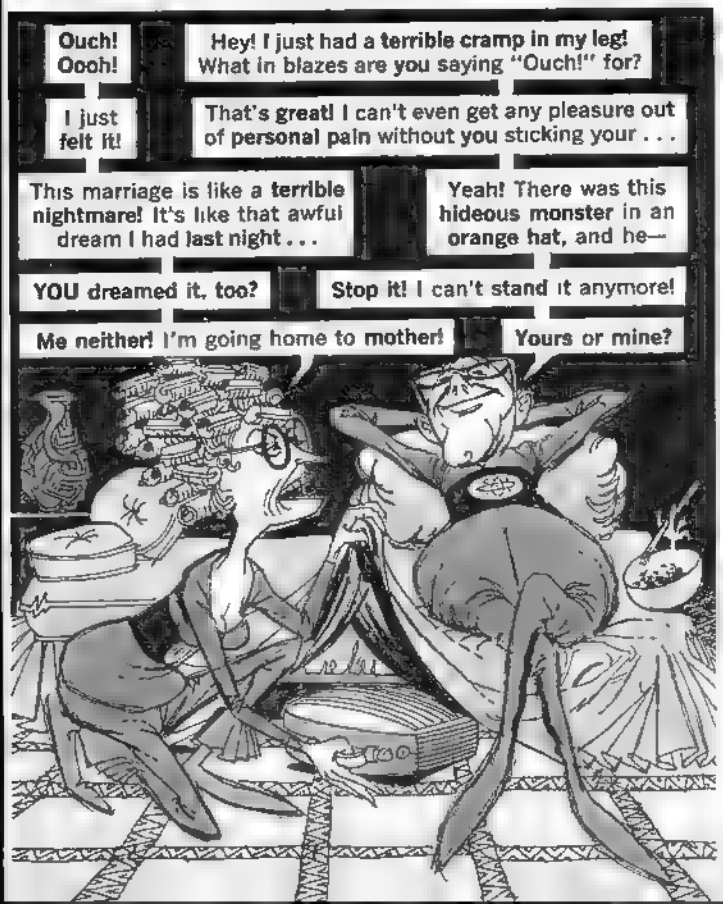
THE MEETING

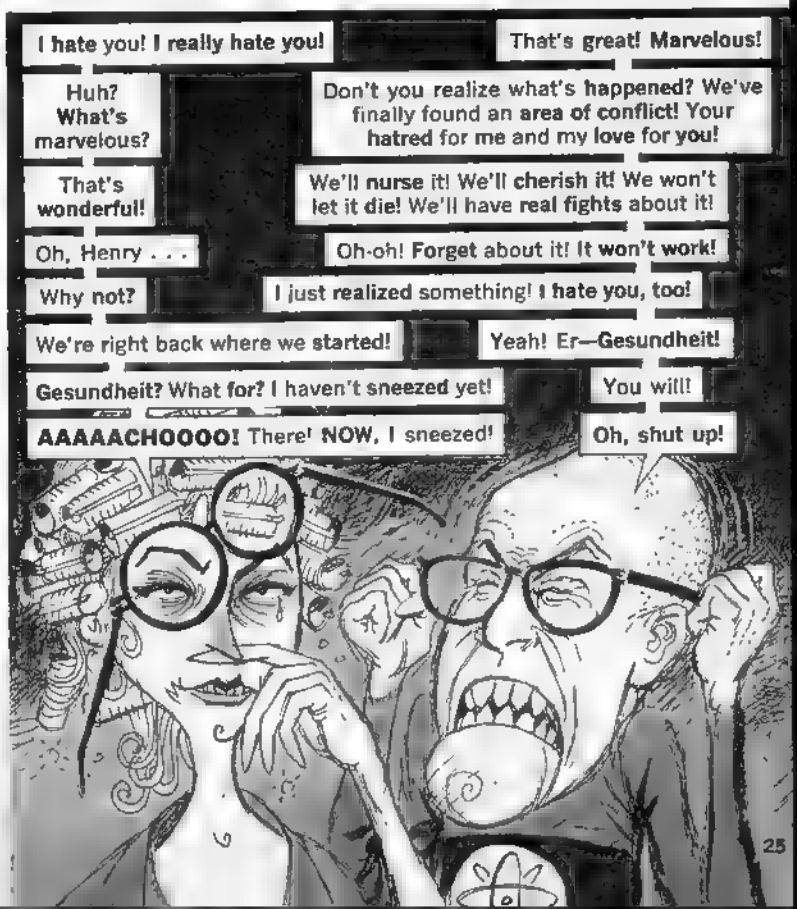
Once questionnaire is filled out and processed, a meeting is set up for you with a person of the opposite sex who most closely conforms to what you desire in a mate, and who shares the same interests with you. From the very beginning, you two speak the same language . . .



THE MARRIAGE

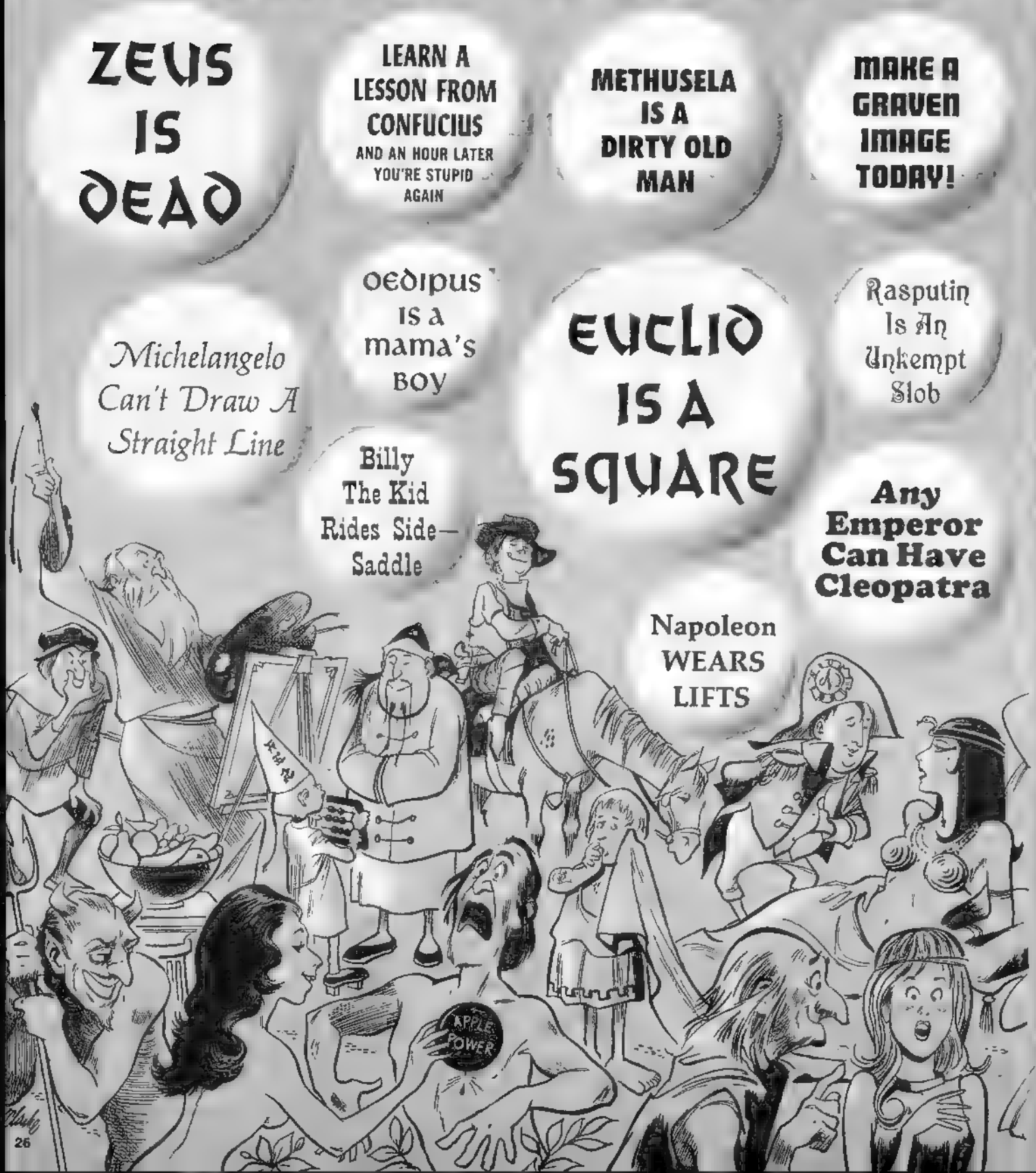
Thanks to computers, we may soon see marriages in which both partners are perfectly matched, share everything in common . . . and wish to heck their Parents could have arranged a wedding for them with people they had nothing in common with.





Wearing those sick, shocking, and sometimes downright pornographic "Protest Buttons" seems to be the current craze among the members of the "IN" crowd. Well, we've got

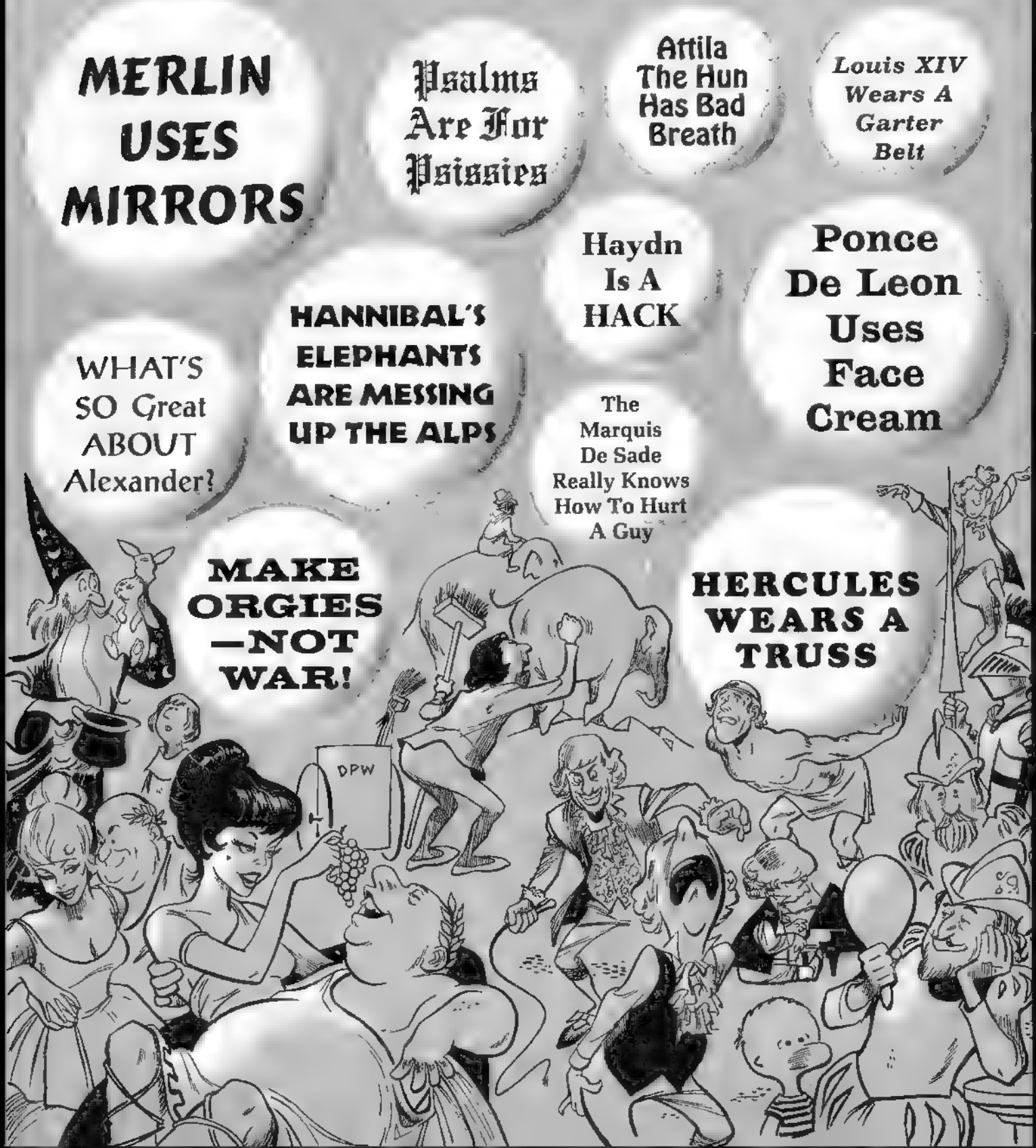
"PROTEST BUTTONS"



news for them. Wearing "Protest Buttons" isn't a new craze at all! In fact, it's a very old idea! And here's the proof . . . as MAD presents some rare examples of . . .

THROUGH HISTORY

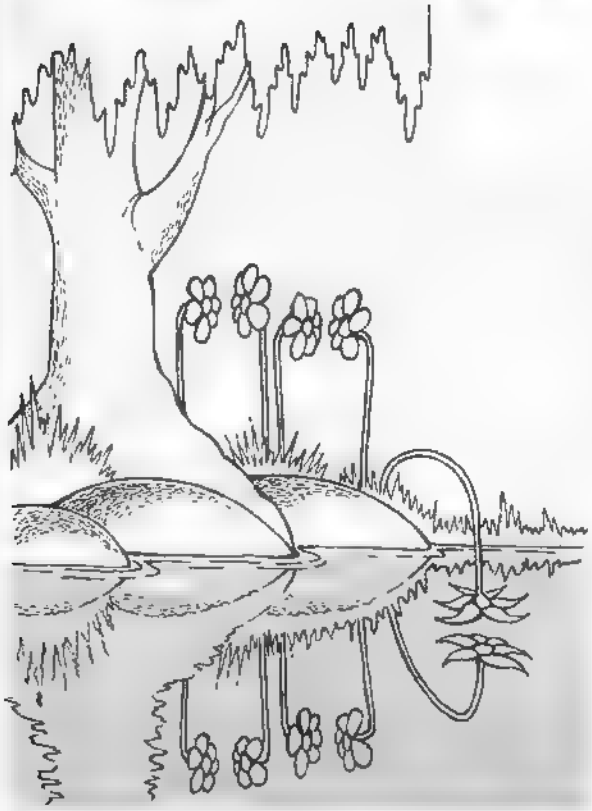
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: STAN HART



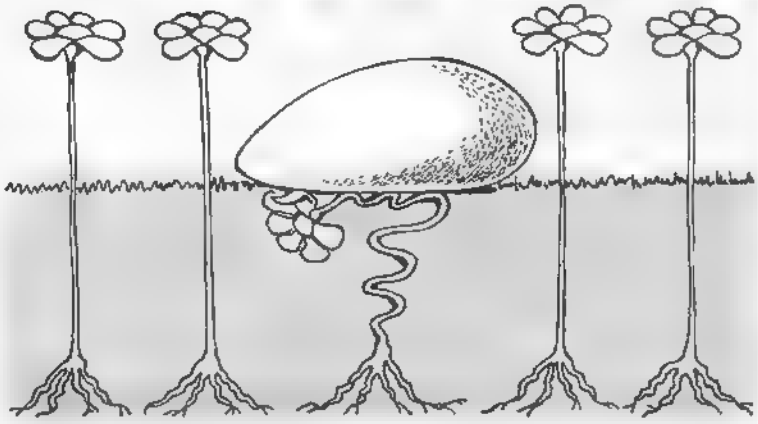
FLOWERY LANGUAGE DEPT.

A PORTFOLIO OF MAD BLOOMING

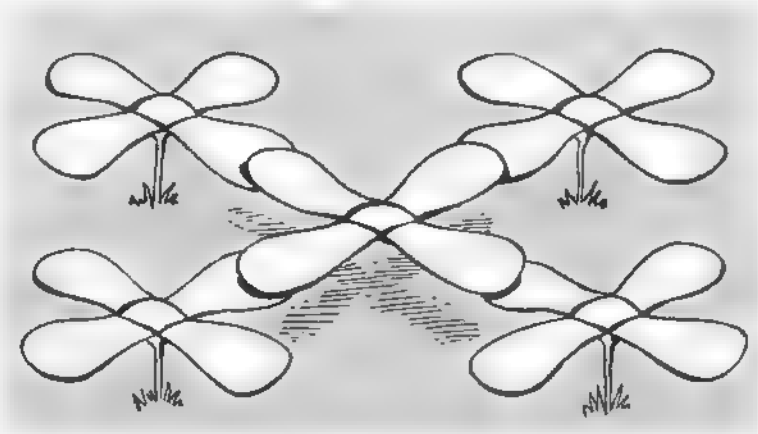
ARTIST & WRITER:



Vanity

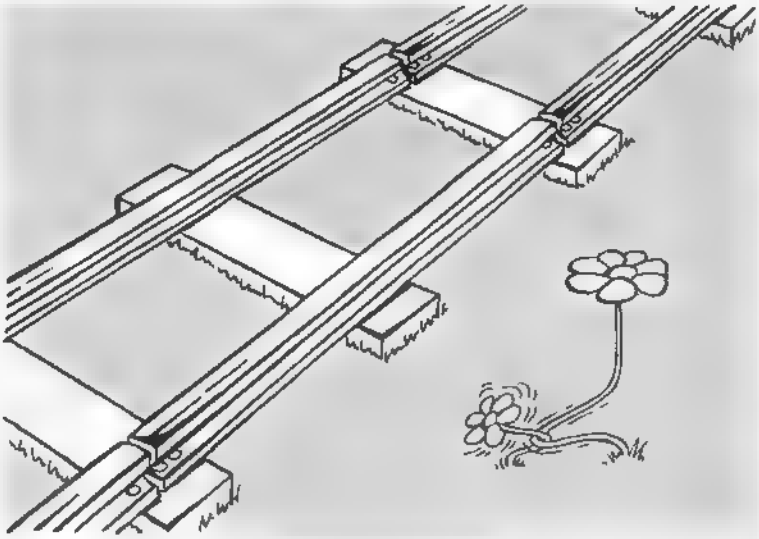


Frustration



Dependency

Lust

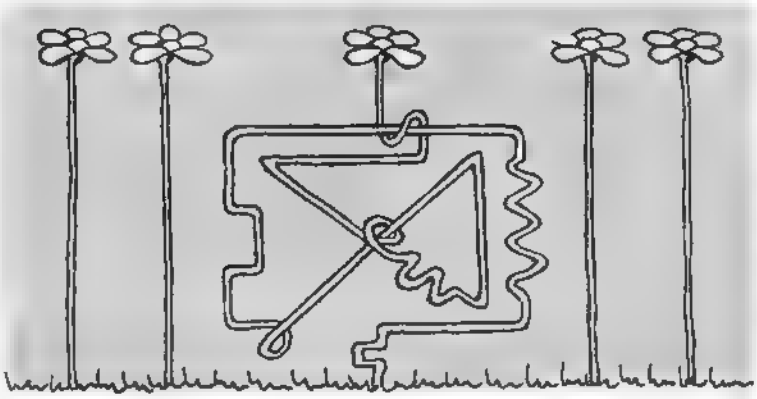


Motherhood

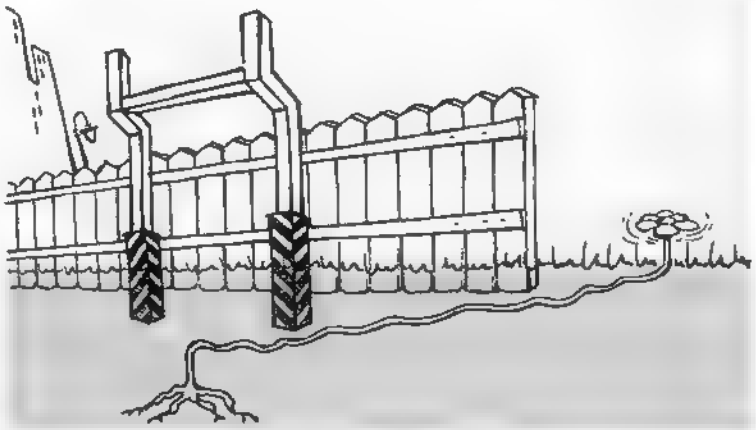
- IDIOSYNCRASIES

ANTONIO PROHIAS

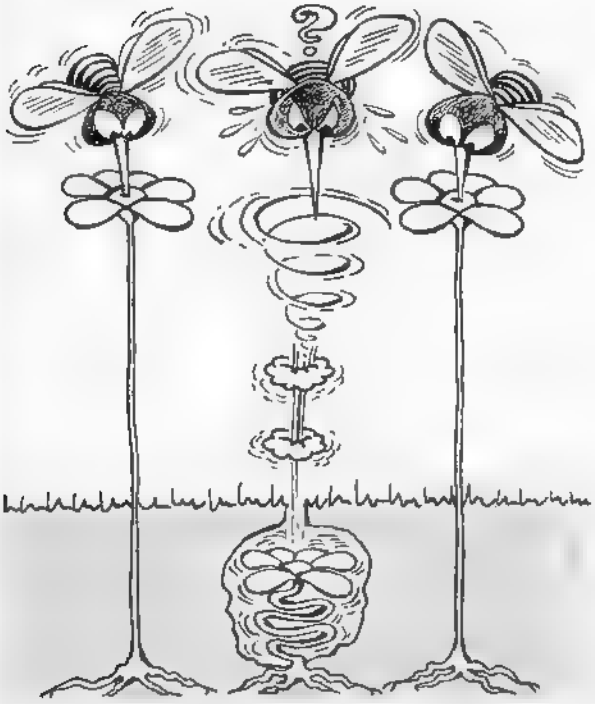
Ambition



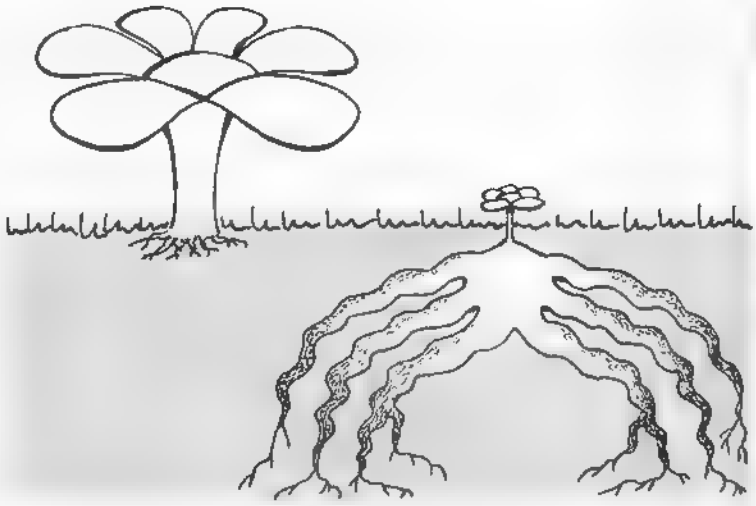
Exhibitionism



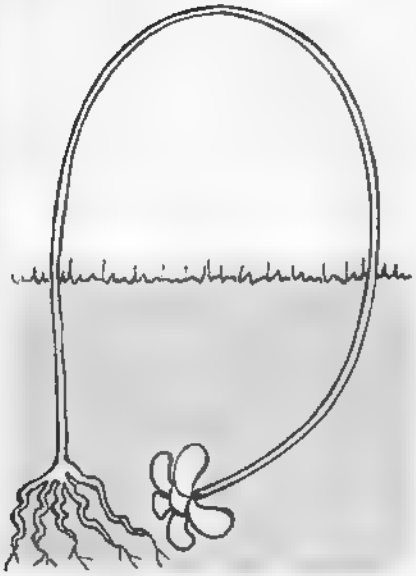
Self-Preservation



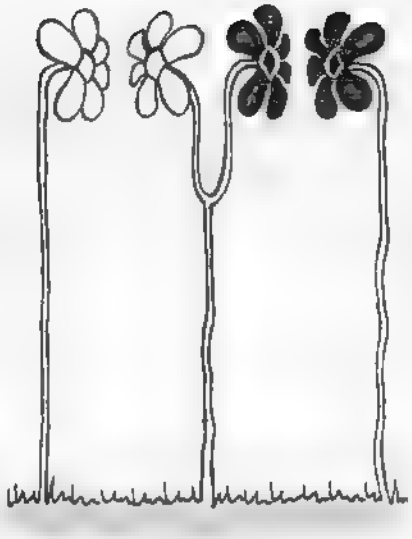
Shyness



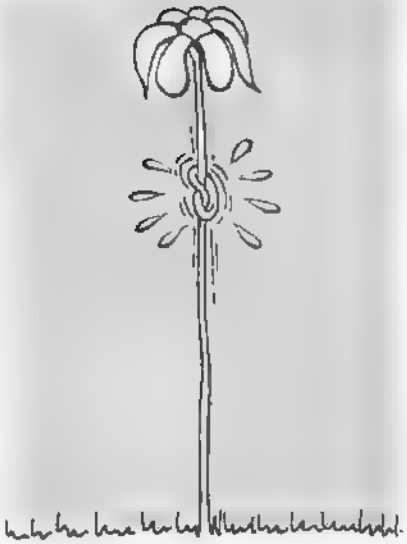
Youth and Old Age



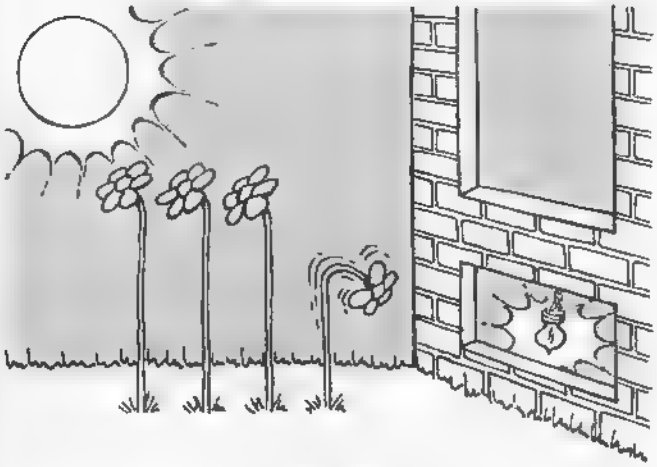
Introspection



Hypocrisy

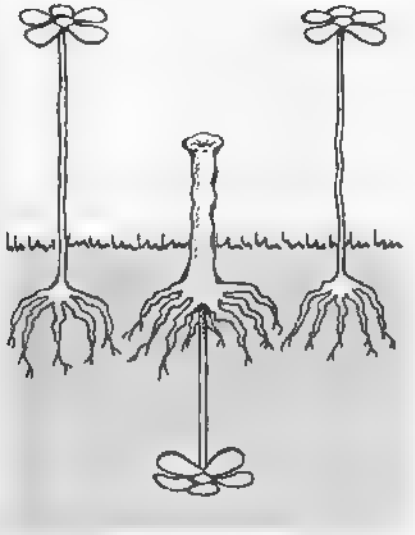


Anxiety

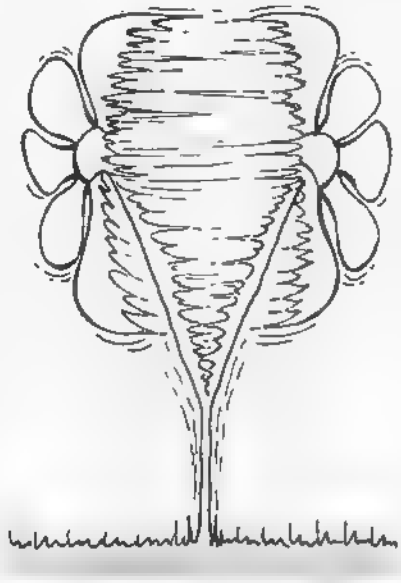


Infidelity

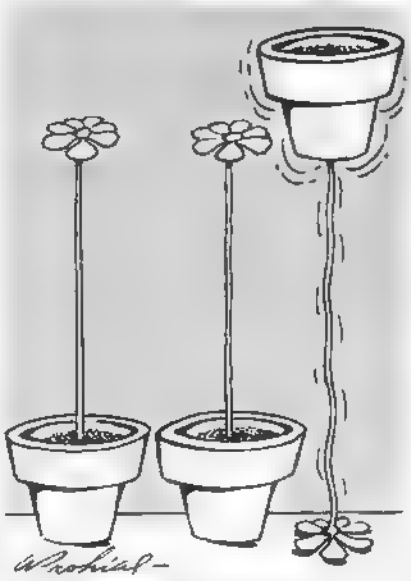
Flirtation



Introversion



Indecision



Non-Conformity

RAPPING THE GIFTED DEPT.

Since the "Clods" of the world have their own magazine (MAD), there oughta be a magazine for the "Geniuses" of the world. Something like

PRODIGY

MAY 1967
Price
25c

Entertainment For The Gifted Child

"MY TEN YEAR STRUGGLE TO WIN THE CONFIDENCE OF MY PATIENTS"
By Dr. Guy Dean
The Famous 16-Year-Old Brain Surgeon

* * * *

A Parent Speaks:
"OUR GIFTED SON DOESN'T APPROVE OF OUR MARRIAGE!"

* * * *

THE CONFESSION OF A GIFTED TWO-YEAR-OLD:
"I Dropped Out Of MIT Because Of Embarrassing Diaper Rash!"

* * * *

"I Always Thought I Was A Gifted Child—Until I Discovered My Parents Were Actually Stupid!"
by Nancy Yord

* * * *

THE DENTAL TRAGEDY OF A CHILD PRODIGY:
"All My Teeth Are Wisdom Teeth!"
By Eugene (Smiley) Glorp

* * * *

A 6-YEAR-OLD'S COMPLAINT:
"My Parents Don't Understand Me... Mainly Because I Throw My Tantrums In Esperanto!"
by Wilbur Orville

* * * *

"WHEN I WAS THREE, I HAD THE MENTALITY OF A NINE-YEAR-OLD ... AND I STILL DO!
by George Lincoln Rockwell

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO WRITER: STAN HART

ARE YOU ASHAMED OF YOUR PARENTS?

Next time you bring your "GIFTED CHILD" friends home for an informal gathering, why suffer the embarrassment of having to introduce them to your typical, dull, normal parents? Now you can say goodbye to their ridiculous questions and idiotic remarks! Play it smart: before your next social affair, call

"RENT-A-PARENT"

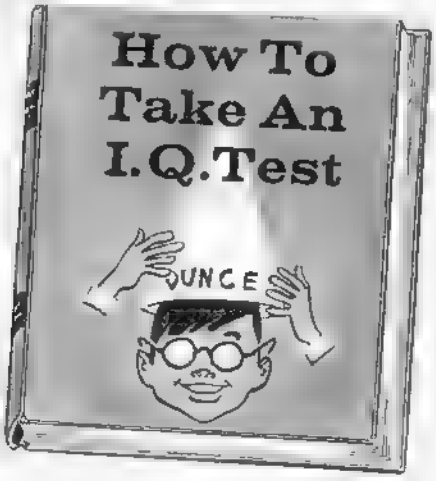
Yes, now you can rent moonlighting M.I.T. Professors and A.E.C. Scientists by the hour, day or week, for parties, gatherings, vacations, or maybe if you'd just like to have an intelligent adult to talk to for a change!

CALL "RENT-A-PARENT" TODAY!

MAID AND BUTLER UNIFORMS FOR OCCASION
REGULAR PARENTS SUPPLIED FREE OF CHARGE

MISSING OUT ON THE FUN BECAUSE YOU'RE GIFTED?

Send For This Book And Worry No More!



Here is the book you've been searching for. Read it before you take your next I.Q. Test. It contains all the tricks necessary to get an I.Q. Score of 95 when you actually have an I.Q. of 165. Now, you too can be just an average clod, welcome in average cloddish society. No longer will you be scorned for superiority, ostracized for excellence and abused for ability. This book will make you happy through anonymity.

SEND $3.00 TODAY TO
NAMELESS-FACELESS PUBLICATIONS, BOX 2, N. Y.

PERSONALS

TO MY GIFTED SON, RAYMOND: Since you ran away, I have seen the light. I realize now that our family can live happily. There will be no more bickering, no more tension, and no more competing between us for Mommy's attention. All you have to do is STAY AWAY!!—Dad.

ASK SMART ALEC

Send your Gifted Child Problems to "Ask Smart Alec," c/o this magazine All letters will be treated in strict confidence, unless they're dirty in which case, I'll show them to my friends so they can giggle, too!

Dear Smart Alec:

I am a six-year-old college sophomore. This semester, I joined a fraternity, but I am very disappointed. At the frat parties, the only things the girls want to do are dance and make out. I've tried—Lord knows, I've tried to find a young lady who wants to talk about Integral Calculus or Classical Greek Literature. But I've been unsuccessful. Do you have the telephone numbers of some girls who AREN'T interested in kissing and making out all the time?

Signed: Frustrated

Dear Frustrated:

No, thank God! Do you have the telephone numbers of some girls who ARE?

Dear Smart Alec:

My home life is just awful. All day long, it's questions, questions, questions. Every time I say something, I hear this voice asking, "Will you explain that?" or "I don't understand! What do you mean?" It's becoming unbearable. Will you please advise me on how I should handle my father and his endless questions?

Signed: Upset Son

Dear Upset Son:

Next time your father questions one of your statements, just answer, "Because!" Naturally, he will reply, "Because why?" To which you can rejoin, "Because I said so, that's why!" To which he will counter with "Why, just because you said so, that's why?" to which you can offer, "Why not just because I said so, that's why!?" At this point, your father will either stop asking questions or kill himself. In either case, you're the winner.

Dear Smart Alec:

Something very strange happened to me last week in our Special Gifted Child Class. I was called upon to give a talk on Current Events, and so I delivered a ten-minute speech explaining President Johnson's Foreign Policy. Immediately thereafter, I was dropped out of the Gifted Child Class. Can you tell me why?

Signed: Wounded

Dear Wounded:

Anyone who understands President Johnson's Foreign Policy has to be an idiot, and doesn't belong in a Gifted Child Class.

Dear Smart Alec:

I am deeply disturbed. Recently, I wrote my Congressman suggesting legislation on monetary reform. Although I am only 7, I offered a revolutionary plan for curbing the wage-price inflationary spiral, avoiding recession, and reducing our gold out-flow. My Congressman never even answered me. I have enclosed a copy of my letter to him for you to see. Why didn't he answer me?

Signed: Disillusioned

Dear Disillusioned:

I have read your letter and I agree that it has some remarkable ideas. However, I think the reason your Congressman did not answer you is contained in your last sentence, which I quote: "I believe that this multifaceted approach to monetary reform is both viable and imaginative, and I hope that you will incorporate its several approaches into a bill for introduction upon the floor of Congress this session, and if you don't, you're a rotten doody."

Dear Smart Alec:

Perhaps you can help me. I am having a very difficult time with my parents. Although they both have Ph.D. degrees, they are quite stupid. They claim they cannot understand me, that they cannot reach me, and that they cannot handle me. As a result, communication between us has broken down, and our mutual contempt is growing day by day. How can a Gifted Daughter handle this problem?

Signed: Distraught

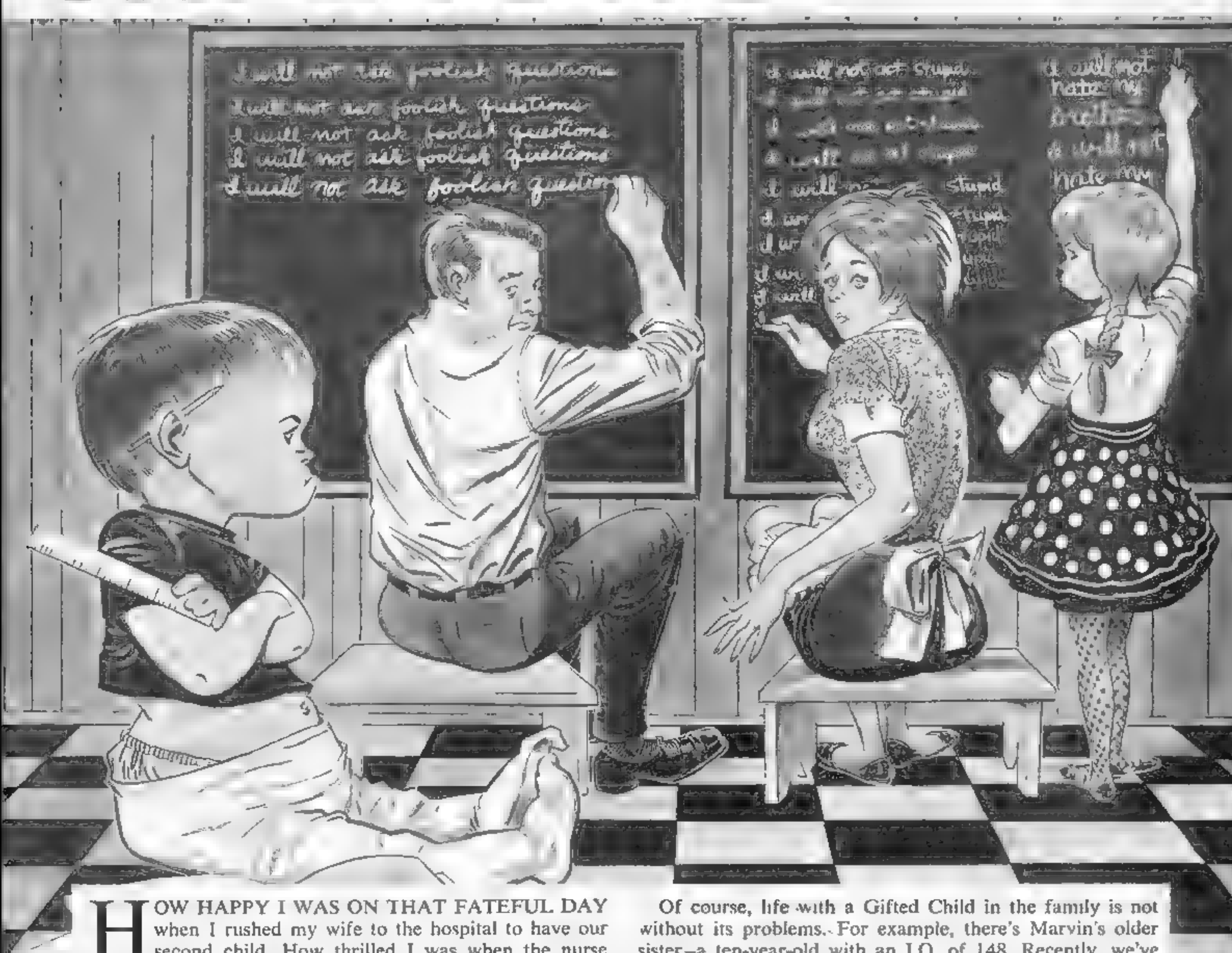
Dear Distraught:

From the symptoms you describe, I question whether you are a Gifted Daughter. You sound like a perfectly normal teenage girl to me.

PRODIGY MAGAZINE is edited by and for Gifted Children, although some parts of it may be enjoyed by the less fortunate who who might only have I.Q.'s of 150 or so. The Magazine has been designed as a forum and common meeting ground for youngsters who are so far above the ordinary that the usual types of magazines do not satisfy them. This, is an élite publication for élite children, and we made ya look, made ya look, made ya buy a quarter book! Ha-ha!

LIFE WITH MARVIN

The Joys and Sorrows of Living with a Gifted Child, as Told by His Father, Herman Gardens.



HOW HAPPY I WAS ON THAT FATEFUL DAY when I rushed my wife to the hospital to have our second child. How thrilled I was when the nurse came to me a few hours later with a tiny baby in her arms. And how amazed I was when the kid looked up at me and said, "Hello, there, Mr. Gardens! I'm your new son!" Right there and then, I had the feeling this child was different.

We named him Marvin (after our favorite piece of property in "Monopoly") and brought him home. What joy filled my heart as I sat on the floor that first day amid all the nuts and bolts and parts, assembling his crib, while Marvin read the instructions and told me what to do.

For a while, life with the infant Marvin went along just fine . . . except for an occasional incident, such as Marvin's disputing the Pediatrician's diagnosis. But Marvin soon came to understand that, unlike himself, the Doctor did not have the time to read all the current Medical Journals.

At eight months, I bought Marvin his first Chemistry Set. It was the best $5.98 I ever spent, because it kept Marvin occupied. Within three days, he had created "life in a test tube." I do believe that Marvin would have won the Nobel Prize and traveled to Stockholm if he'd been toilet trained at the time

Of course, life with a Gifted Child in the family is not without its problems. For example, there's Marvin's older sister—a ten-year-old with an I.Q. of 148. Recently, we've begun calling her "Big Stupid." And there's Marvin's proud Grandmother who carries wallet-size brain X-rays of him around with her. She's currently making plans for his first birthday party—to be catered by the Princeton Institute For Advanced Studies. And then there's my wife, who is knocking her brains out taking Advanced Adult Education Courses just so she can understand what Marvin is talking about.

As for Marvin, things can be difficult, too. All of his faculties are so highly developed that it is hard for a one-year-old to cope with them. For example, he has the sexual knowledge of a twenty-year-old, but there's nothing he can do about it for another 15 years or so. Which gives me a chance to get even with the little stinker for all his abuse. I leave copies of "Playboy" around the house, and it drives him crazy.

Actually, since Marvin came into our lives, we've all become terribly neurotic. But I am proud to say that we are doing something about it. We are all in "Group Therapy." The family sits around and tries to work out its problems together. However, I have my doubts about the success of this venture. Marvin is conducting the Group Sessions.

THE INQUIRING PHOTOGRAPHER

QUESTION:

What was your most difficult problem?

Asked of Gifted Children in the Reference Room of The Public Library

Jane Retch, Six-Years-Old
Floral Park, N. Y.

I remember once I entered an I.B.M. Contest. I was given a problem that would take a computer two days to answer, and then I was put into a room for an entire day to solve it. My most difficult problem was that I didn't know what to do with the rest of my afternoon.

Harvey Brut, Nine-Years-Old
Secaucus, N. J.

My most difficult problem is in the field of music. I have the darndest time humming the main theme from Haydn's 102nd Symphony. I keep getting it confused with his 101st and his 103rd. But it doesn't really bother me. I suppose everyone has the same problem.

Phyllis Potts, Seven-Years-Old
Pismo Beach, Calif.

As you know, I am famous for memorizing facts and figures faster than anyone in the Free World. My one problem is that I also forget facts and figures faster than anyone in the Free World. Er—what was that question again?

Peter Bilge, Ten-Years-Old
Scranton, Pa.

In as much as I have never had a difficult problem in my whole life, I would be obliged to say that answering your question about my most difficult problem is my most difficult problem.

Goings On In The Top Two Percentile

By Bernard "Brainy" Bernbaum

Hi, Gifted Gals and Guys . . . here's "Brainy" Bernbaum again, with news and gossip about the "Smart Set". And by the way, if you're really a Gifted Gal or Guy, you should be finished reading this entire column by now!

* * * *

Our condolences to poor Eli Tashman, who had a brilliant medical career ruined last week. Eli was all set for his Medical Board Examinations, but couldn't get to school. Seems his Mother was seriously ill, and there was no one else to watch Eli cross the street . . . Ain't It A Shame Dept.: Nick Liola, the four-year-old whiz-kid can name every Secretary Of State from George Washington's administration to the present one. Too bad nobody's ever asked him to do it! . . . Send a "Get Well" card to Speed-Reading Champ, Gregg Pitman, who is in the hospital with a dislocated jaw. Gregg, as you know, can speed-read through five text books in one hour. Unfortunately, he moves his mouth while he reads.

This is Don Franklin, the Gifted Child Artist, whose copy of "THE BLUE BOY" was so authentic, few experts could tell it from the famous original. Unfortunately, the Art Dealer to whom Don sold it for a record breaking $500,000, turned out to be one of those few experts. That's "The Last Supper" Don is painting on the wall of his prison cell.

Which Gifted Child-Dean of which Eastern University was all upset when his trunk from home arrived last week and he discovered that his parents had forgotten to include his rubber sheet? . . . Tch-Tch Dept.: Even though seven-year-old Leslie Gruder is setting a torrid fashion pace creating award-winning hairdoes, Mr. and Mrs. Gruder are sick about it. After all, Leslie is a boy! . . . Hats off to Lance Alott, the eight-month-old "vunderkind" who already has a vocabulary of 5000 (count 'em—5000) words. Unfortunately, Lance can't put any of them into a single coherent sentence.

Rock Samish, son of Movie Queen, Jill Samish, shows why he is known as Hollywood's most Gifted Child by reeling off the exact names and dates of all his mother's marriages.

Pity poor Larry Draper, the young genius who never made a single mistake or gave a wrong answer in his eleven years. Well, it appears that the pressure of somewhere, sometime making a boo-boo was too much for Larry, so he decided to break the streak himself, on purpose. Last week, for the first time in his life, he gave a wrong answer. However, everyone accepted it as the right answer, since they all knew Larry never makes a mistake. Drop him a line c/o Mattawan State Mental Hospital . . . Don't Invite To The Same Party Dept.: Norm Nitzwitz and Roy Cohnman. All they do all night is argue about quadratic equations . . . Too bad about Ken Furtwanger! Seems the brilliant five-year-old Pathologist developed a cure for Cancer, but he left it on the floor of his room and his mother threw it out.

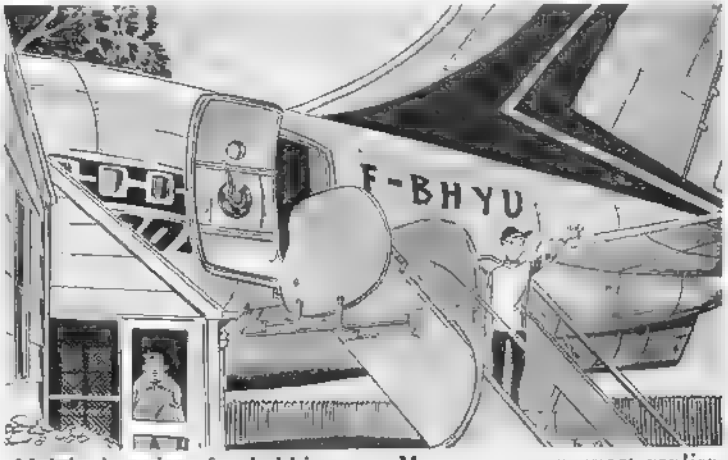
The Gifted Child Of The Month

Each month, Prodigy Magazine selects one of its own for special commendation. This month, we salute nine-year-old Melvin Arista of San Francisco, California.

Melvin starts his day bright and early at 5:30. This gives him some free hours in which to play. Here he is, having his morning fun—translating Tolstoi from the original Russian into Swedish.

Before going off to school, Melvin plays his usual joke on his Dad. He asks Dad to check his Differential Calculus homework for errors. Melvin has difficulty communicating with his Dad, who only has an I.Q. of 165, but Dad's getting the message that Melvin hates him.

Now it's off to school for Melvin. In the morning, he takes 16 points at UCLA. Then he comes home for lunch. In the afternoon, he takes another 16 points at Stanford. Melvin loves the ten minute rides between his home and the campuses, since it gives him time to do all his homework assignments.



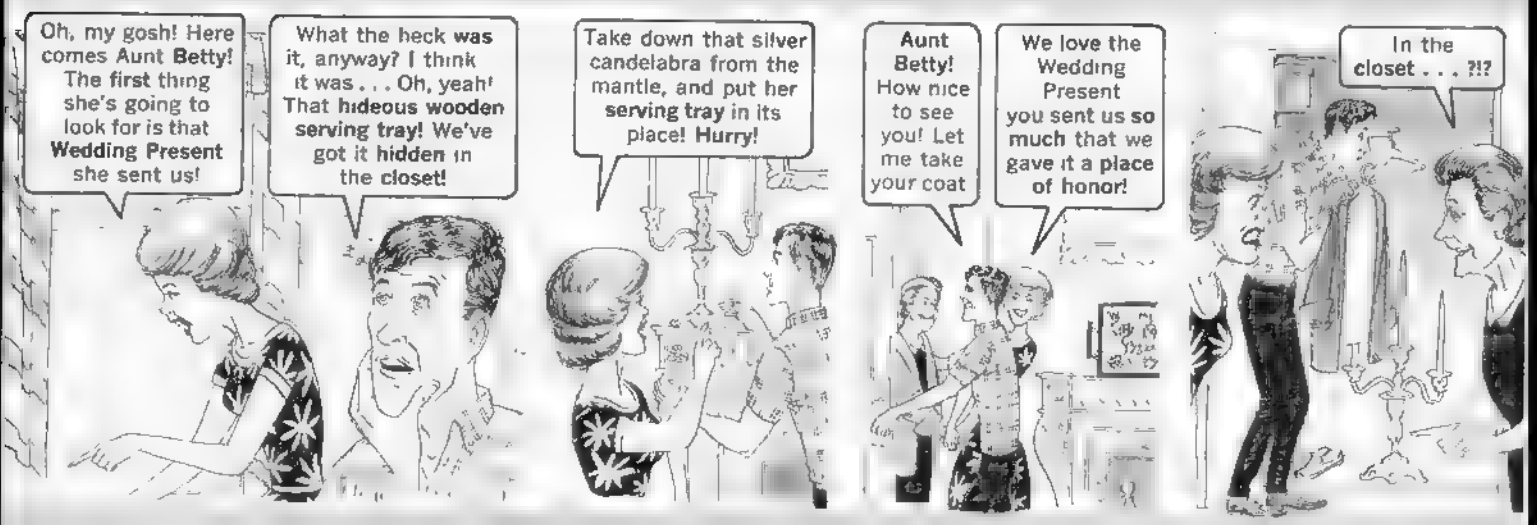
Melvin has time for hobbies, too. Here we see an exact replica of a Boeing 707 Jet which Melvin built with materials found around his home. Unfortunately, the Civil Aeronautics Board will not let him fly his model, and it lies unused. "I had the same problem with my Hydrogen Bomb replica!" complains Melvin.

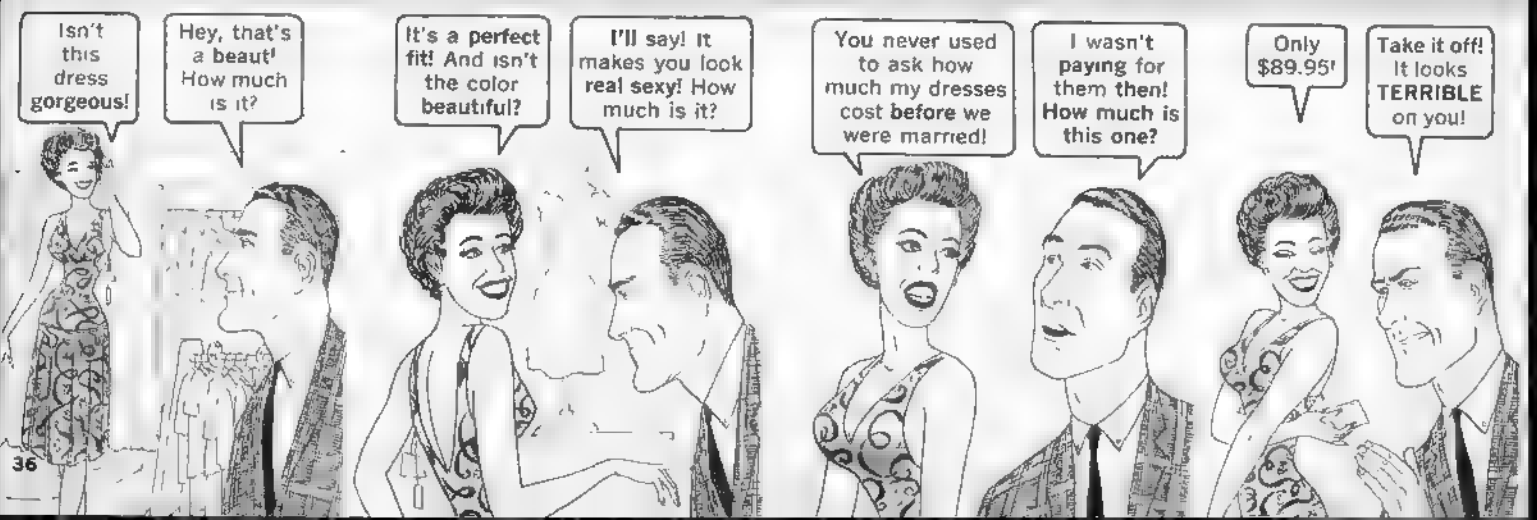
Melvin also finds time for relaxation. A devout music-lover, he is shown going to the San Francisco Symphony, where he'll conduct—and also be soloist in *Beethoven's Violin Concerto.*

Like any other child, Melvin ends his day with a prayer. Here we see him finishing off his prayer with the usual touching ending as he asks God if He has any questions.

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

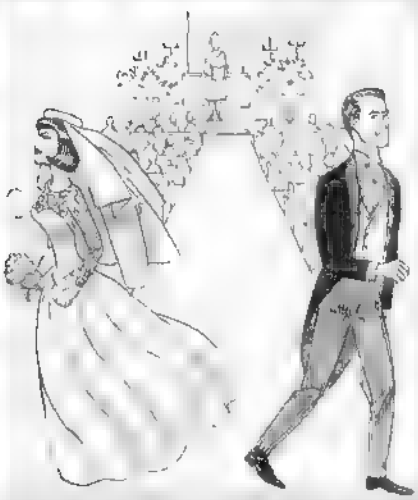
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF





YOUNG MARRIEDS

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG



Package for Mrs Zitzlaff!

Again!? My, you delivery people are incompetent. You're the third one today that asked for her. There is no Mrs. Zitzlaff here!

Please, lady! This package is heavy!

Mrs. Zitzlaff does not live here! Is that clear? I live here now! My husband and I are just back from our honeymoon, and we moved in yesterday! Maybe you have the wrong apartment!

Lady, this is the right apartment! We checked with the store!

The only Mrs. Zitzlaff I know is my Mother-In-Law, and she lives in another town! I'm sure there isn't anyone named Zitzlaff in THIS town . . . except, of course, my husband . . . and . . . and

I went to college for six years and received a Degree in Psychology. But I never got to use it. Because right after graduation, we got married. Now, all I do is menial work—like cooking and washing and waxing floors . . .

Yeah? Some floor-waxer you are! Look at all those bare spots! Even I could do a better job than that!

Hah! Listen to the BIG TALKER!

"Big Talker", am I! I'll show you!

And you said you never got to use your Degree in Psychology!

Honey, I'm back from my appointment .

Mmmmmmmm . .

What's the matter? You didn't kiss back!

Frankly, I didn't feel a thing!

You didn't feel a thing?! You mean the thrill is gone!?

I can't help it if I don't feel anything!

Honey, now that we're married and you're doing so well, could I have $300 for a "Nose Job"? I've always been self-conscious about my nose!

What nose?

How's my Grandaughter, the new Bride, and her Groom?

YECCH! We have our problems!

Oh!
Bring it in.
Yes MRS. Zitzlaff!

Hello, Mother? Do you remember you once told me that SEX problems and MONEY problems were the main sources of trouble in a marriage? Well, you were so right! And I . . . I've got BOTH problems!!

That husband of mine keeps wasting money on Playboy Magazine!

Honey . . . look at the Vacuum Cleaner I bought today!
You WHAT!? But we decided we wouldn't buy anything unless we BOTH made the decision together!

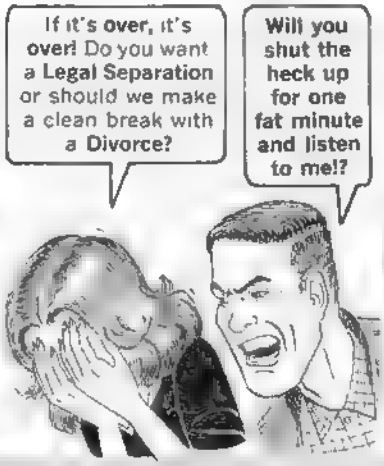
But it was on sale!
According to our plan, we weren't going to buy a Vacuum Cleaner for another two months! What's the use of making a budget if you don't stick to it!?

I'm sorry! I guess I just bought it on impulse!
I don't care to discuss it any further! I'm going into the den to calm down!

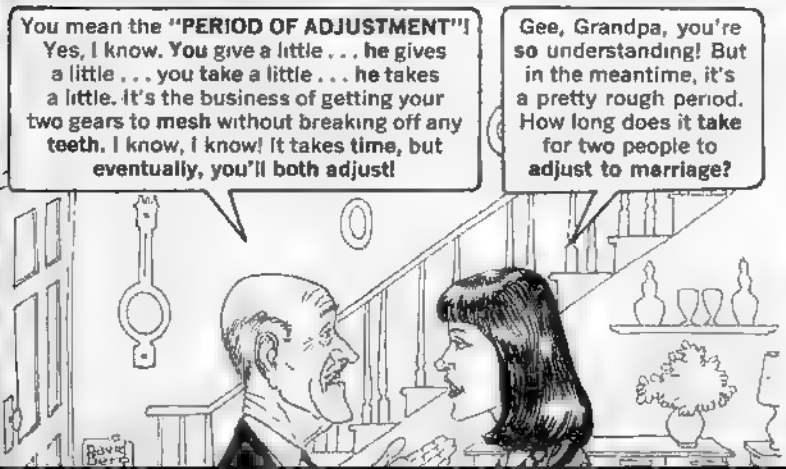
Hello, Librett's Hardware? This is Fred Beaumont! You know that Vacuum Cleaner I ordered this afternoon? Well, cancel it!

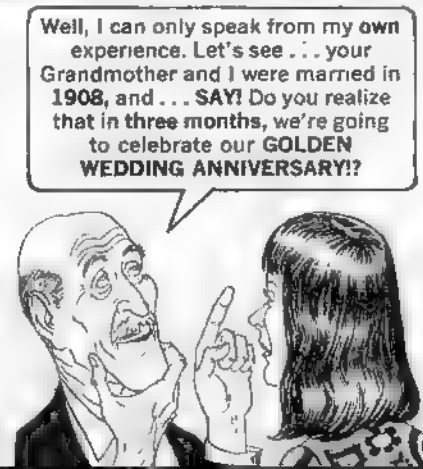
Then it's over! Sob! When a woman kisses a husband with all the love that's in her, and he doesn't feel anything, it's no use going on! Sob!
But it's not my fault!

I didn't say it was your fault! I must have failed you! I no longer appeal to you! But don't worry! I won't give you any . . . sob . . . trouble
Wait a minute! Listen to me—


If it's over, it's over! Do you want a Legal Separation or should we make a clean break with a Divorce?
Will you shut the heck up for one fat minute and listen to me!?

The appointment I had was with my Dentist, and he gave me a shot of novocain! I DON'T FEEL A THING!!


You mean the "PERIOD OF ADJUSTMENT"! Yes, I know. You give a little . . . he gives a little . . . you take a little . . . he takes a little. It's the business of getting your two gears to mesh without breaking off any teeth. I know, I know! It takes time, but eventually, you'll both adjust!
Gee, Grandpa, you're so understanding! But in the meantime, it's a pretty rough period. How long does it take for two people to adjust to marriage?


Well, I can only speak from my own experience. Let's see . . . your Grandmother and I were married in 1908, and . . . SAY! Do you realize that in three months, we're going to celebrate our GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY!?

But don't worry! Eventually, we'll both adjust!

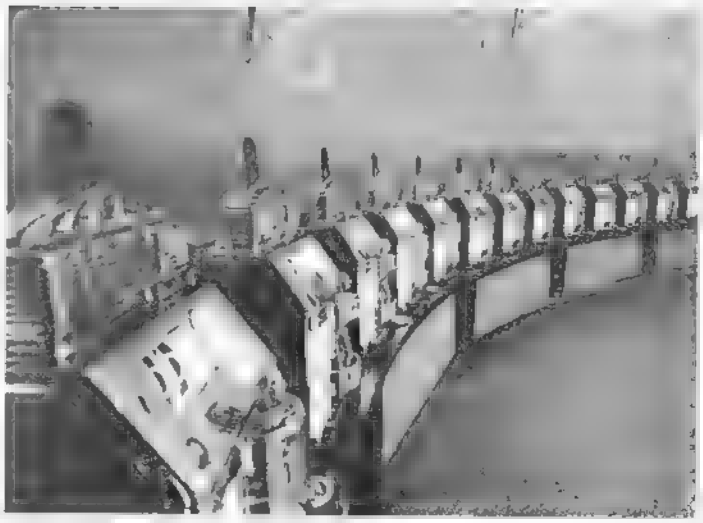
GLOSSARY PRINTS DEPT.

So that you may fully understand the language of our times, here's

MAD'S Pictorial

STATE OF THE UNION

AUTOMATION



AIR POLLUTION

WATER CONSERVATION

BRAINWASHING

Political Dictionary

ESCALATION

WRITER: MAX BRANDEL
PHOTOS BY, U P I & WORLD WIDE

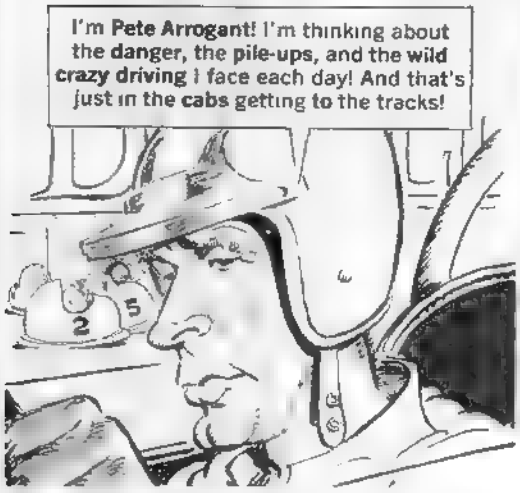
PEACEFUL COEXISTENCE

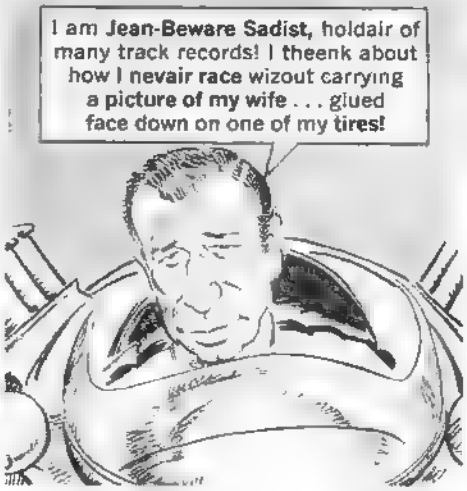
POPULATION EXPLOSION

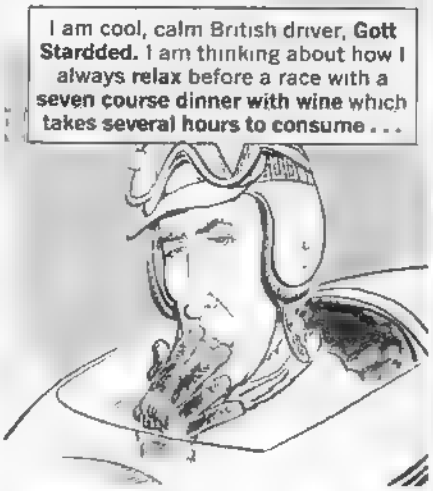
BRINKMANSHIP

CREDIBILITY GAP

Hi, gang! Here we go with the opening sequence . . . the **first race** of the **Grand Prix**, here in **Monaco.** Before this **MAD version** of the motion picture about this series of races is over, we'll have seen the world's **best racing drivers,** the world's **best racing cars,** the world's **best racing courses . . .** and the world's **worst racing gags.** So now let's switch to some introductory close-ups of the drivers themselves, and let's hear what they're thinking . . .







The cars are entering the final laps . . . and Pete Arrogant seems to be having **gear-box trouble.** But he won't let his teammate and bosom enemy, Gott Stardded, **pass** him . . .

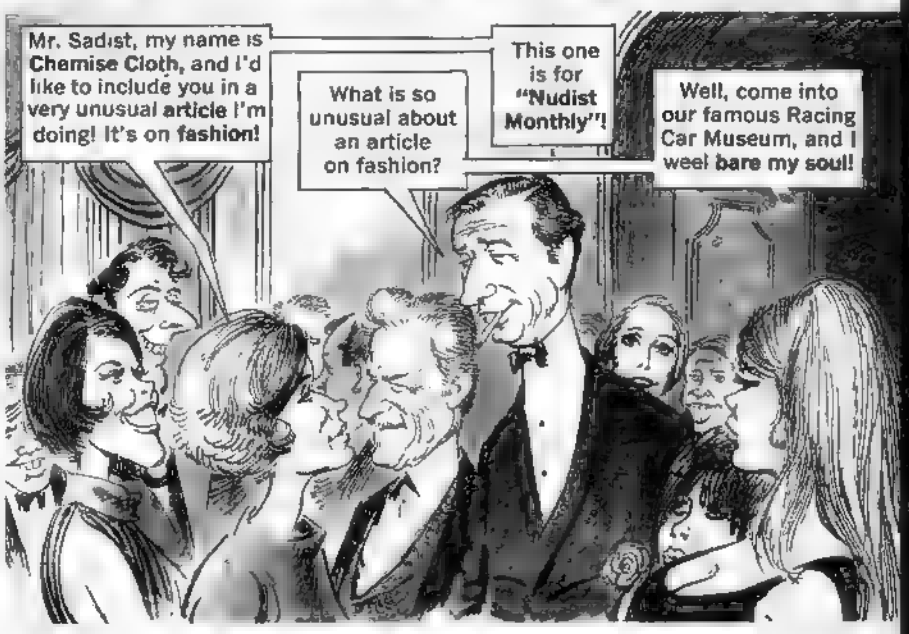
Wait a minute! There's been a **collision!** Both cars have **left the track** and are **hurtling through the air** . . . 50 feet! . . . **100 feet!!** This is **terrible!!!**

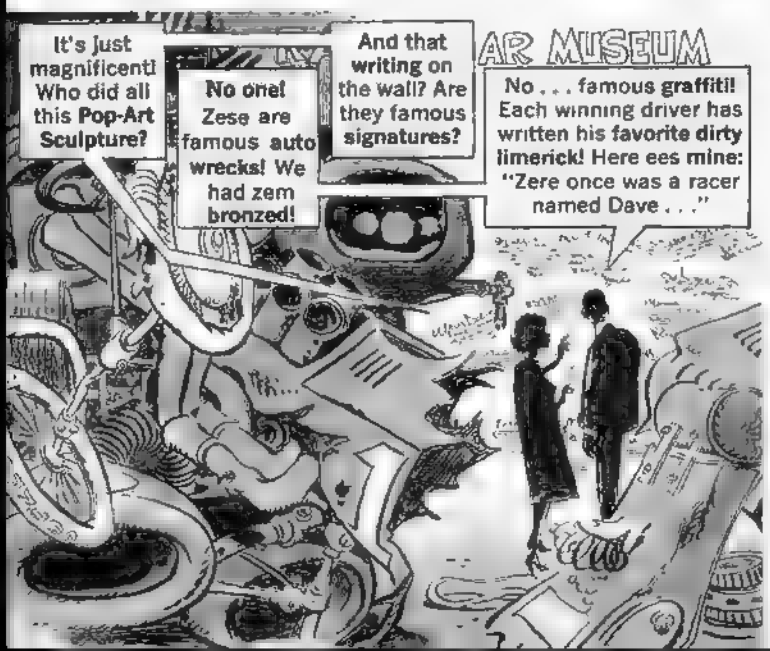
Don't those dumbbells know they'll be **disqualified** for flying! This is a **car race!**

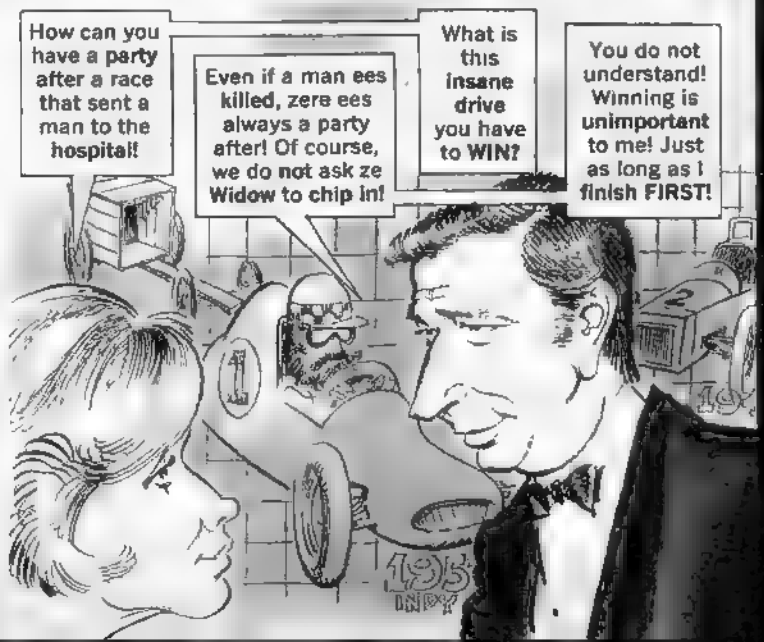
CAR SICK DEPT.

Grim Pix

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO







Don't you ever think about DEATH?
Nevair! Not even subconsciously! Now, how about joining me in a cup of coffin—er—coffee!
Zen I must go home and get ready to drive the Belgian Grand Prix tomorrow!
Tomorrow?! But you just finished the Monaco Grand Prix today!
Mon cher—we have 9 Grand Prix races . . . and only a 3-hour film! Zis talk we have had has been very beneficial! It succeeded in separating 2 races!
Later, I will take you to my country home, and separate another couple of races!
It's a great day for the Belgian Grand Prix, folks! As you know, Pete Arrogant will not be racing today! He was fired because he crippled his teammate, because he wrecked two $100,000 cars, and because he failed to put out his hand to signal a left turn!
However, Pete is here with us to interview drivers and car-makers for NBC—the National Biscuit Company! Take it away, Pete . . .
REVELL AURORA
Folks, I'm here with Mr. Issy Yamother, the famous Japanese car builder! Tell us, Sir, do you think—
Sorry, Mr. Arrogant, but Mr. Yamother no speak English! However, he say if you come to factory tomorrow, he will try to pick up your language by then!
DUNLOP
MEN'S ROOM
Ah, Mr. Arrogant! From Maine to Spain, you reign as racing's stain!
You've got it! By George, you've got it!
So—you are surprised I speak your language? I even speak your clichés!
I will come right to the point! Do you want to drive for me?
Yes, I do!
Good! Here is your chauffeur's cap! The pay is $75 a week, and you get every other Tuesday off!
YAMOTHER'S GEISHA WISH AND SEA FOOD MARKETS
YAMOTHER MOTOR CO.
Not that kind of driving! I want to race, Yamother!
Big deal! You could beat her any day of the week!
Okay, Mr. Arrogant! I'll give you a chance to race for me! But there is something you should know first!
I shot down 17 American planes!
Well—during a war, one must do what one must!
You don't understand, Mr. Arrogant! The war was over 8 years when I did it!
You see, I have this "thing"! I must win at all costs! I think you're the same kind of man!
I AM! But, how could you tell?!
You have a winning smile!
See, I told you I speak your clichés!

It's a great day for another Grand Prix race, folks! This is either the **French**, the **Dutch** or the **British** race . . . I can't be too sure! They all **look alike** to me!

There are an exceptional number of **entries** in this race today—probably due to the presence of the handsome young Italian driver, **Needno Bardahli**, in car number 22 . . . who has all those **sex-crazed young girls** after him!

The sex-crazed young girls are in cars numbered 23 through 67 . . .

Deff, I want to see what it's like to sit behind the **wheel** of a **car** again!

You must be **kidding**, Gott! Your **bones** haven't mended, your **stitches** haven't come out, and you're full of **drugs**! Can't you wait . . . like say for an **hour** or so?

Faster! Faster! You're going to have to push a **lot faster** if I'm going to win the next Grand Prix race!

Gott will **never** match his brother, will he, Deff? I mean, you were there the day Gott's brother **died**! Now, **that was a spectacular crash!**

But Gott **soared** 100 feet in the air, **turned over** 8 times, burst into **flames** and **almost died!**

Yes, but **almost** doesn't **count!** What's a mother got to be **proud of** if she can't lose **both** of her sons in Grand Prix race crashes!?

Well, it's **another** Grand Prix race, folks, and in the final lap, it looks like the winner is going to be . . . yes, it is!

The winner is . . . **the car with the platform carrying the Panovision camera that filmed the race!**

Well, here's your **trophy** and your **$20,000**, Gott! You just won the **United States Grand Prix race!**

Look around on the **floor**, Deff! I think we just **lost** four or five reels of **film!**

Hi, Pete! You know, I'm **separated from Gott**, and I'm **very lonely**, and I have a room in **this hotel**, and I have something **flimsy** to wear, and a bottle of **champagne** on ice, and **two glasses**, and **plenty of free time!** So if you're not **doing** anything . . .

You women! If you **want** a date with a man, why not come right out and **ask him!**

That's right, folks! It's another Grand Prix race—and I'm getting as sick of them as you are! And here is the winner—handsome young Needno Bardahli . . .

I wanna say dat I am-a grateful to the pit men, who change-a my tires so quickly . . . to the fuel men, who fill-a my tanks so quickly . . . and to the film editors, who end-a this boring racing sequence so quickly!

Tell me about your wife, Jean-Beware!

She is a cold machine—like my racing car! She has a fuel pump for a heart, a piston for a mind, and gas—she always has lots of gas!

Then why don't you leave her?

I will—in two years, or 50,000 miles . . . whichever comes first!

Pete, I've decided to divorce Gott!

Then I guess it's all over between us!

Over?! But now I'll be legally free!

That's what I mean . . . you've taken the kicks out of our relationship!

Well, Chemise, zees is it! Ze final Grand Prix race—and it is going to be a very difficult one for me to win!

Why is that, Jean-Beware?

I do not have a car!

Here's your car, Jean-Beware! Sorry for the delay, but we had one of those last minute minor adjustments to make!

Really? What was it?

The engine fell out!

I am going to win zees race for you, Chemise!

Good—but do me just one favor! Drive slow!

Silly, girl! You know how much I hate to race! Zat ees why I must drive fast—to get it over weeth!

And here we go with the final—thank Heavens—Grand Prix race, folks, Jean-Beware Sadist is in last place—Oh-oh! Now he's in first place, probably due to the fact that he's going around the track in the wrong direction!

Second, in his all-transistor Japanese car is Pete Arrogant—

And third is Gott Stardded, who is back with his wife—

In fact they're both in the car together—in the back seat!

Wait a minute! Hot dog! Looks like there's been another wreck! Jean-Beware Sadist has crashed!

CHAMPION

DUNLOP

BUMP

Blood!? Is that what you come to see? Blood?! Well, here it is! Look at it!! Blood . . . BLOOD . . .

Take it easy, Lady! That's not blood! That's ketchup! He had a hamburger in his jacket pocket!

My son! My son!

That's not your son, Mother! I'm your son!

You!? You're no son of mine! You're still alive!!

I'm so proud of you, Gott! You only lost by a nose! It was almost a photo-finish! You'll do better in the Kentucky Derby Prix!

You never will understand car racing, will you?

Let's not go to the party tonight, Gott! Let's just stay home and have a seven-course dinner with wine . . . and then, well—maybe we can throw up together!

You really know how to talk sexy!

MOBI

METTEZ UN TIGRE DANS VOTRE MOTEUR

Well, the Grand Prix races are over for this year, and here I am—standing alone on the deserted track!

Are my ears playing tricks on me? Somehow I hear cars revving up—as if there were still another race to be run!

Or is it that I'm really day-dreaming about that race that every man runs—the race for happiness?

Or the race to discover one's inner-self? Is that what I hear?

ZOOM

VA-ROOM! VA-ROOM!

VA-ROOOM!

VA-RO

Wrong on all counts! You were hearing the race to see who could run over Pete Arrogant!

You may have won the Grand Prix, crumb—but you lost all your friends! Now, you'll just have to be content with fame, fortune, women, booze, and a wild, swinging, empty life!

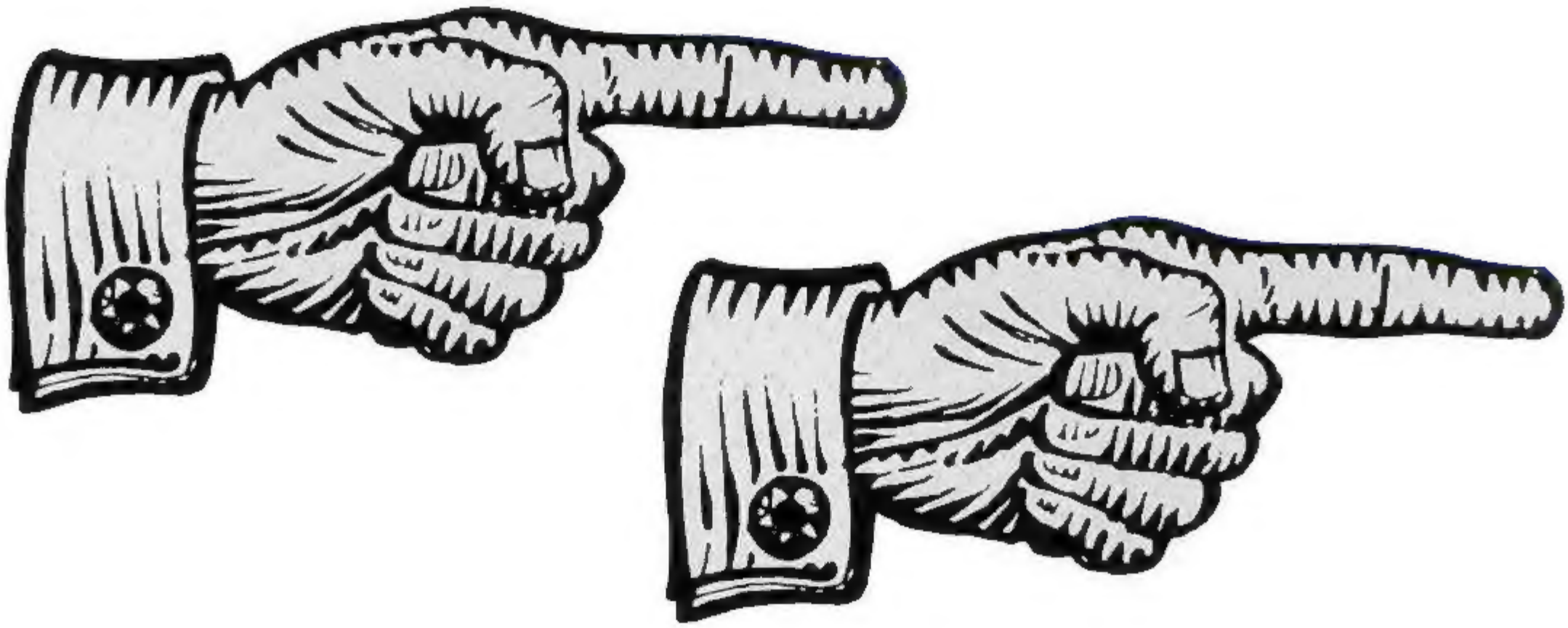
Sounds awful! There must be a moral here . . . somewhere!

MAD'S Modern Believe It or Nuts!

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



WHAT IS ONE OF THE REALLY EXCITING POSSIBILITIES OF A PSYCHEDELIC "TRIP"?

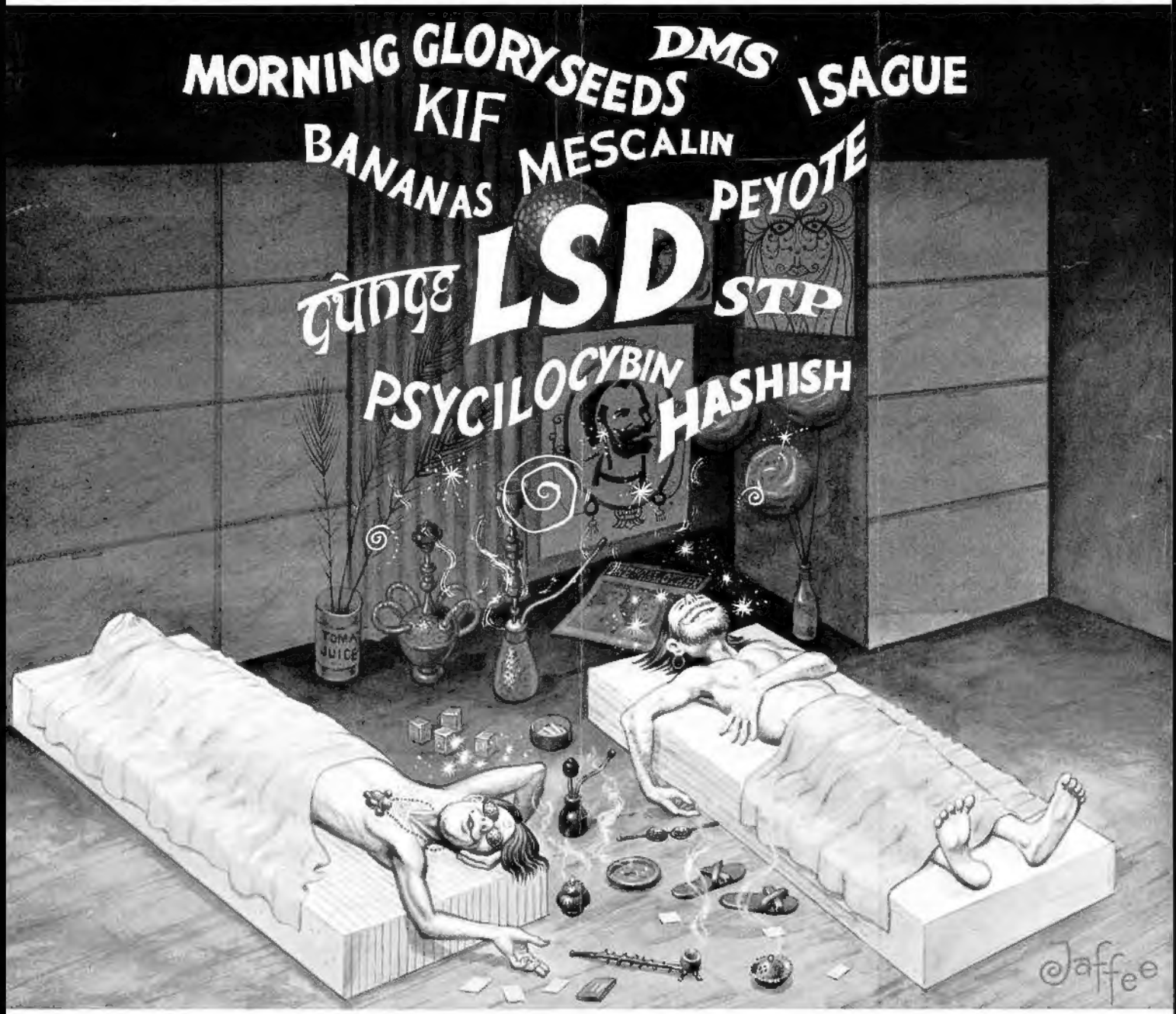
HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Hippies who have taken psychedelic "trips" claim that it is not possible to describe the wonders of it all. This could be very frustrating for most of you squares who are "too chicken" to try one. To find out what you may be missing, fold page in as shown.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



Written & Drawn by AL JAFFEE

A REALLY FANTASTIC VOYAGE IS IN STORE FOR ANYONE WHO TAKES A "MIND-BLOWING LSD TRIP". IT'S A GAY TINGLING RIDE ON A WILD, SPARKLING, COLORFUL ROCKET

A▶ ◀B

WHAT IS ONE OF THE REALLY EXCITING POSSIBILITIES OF A PSYCHEDELIC "TRIP"?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

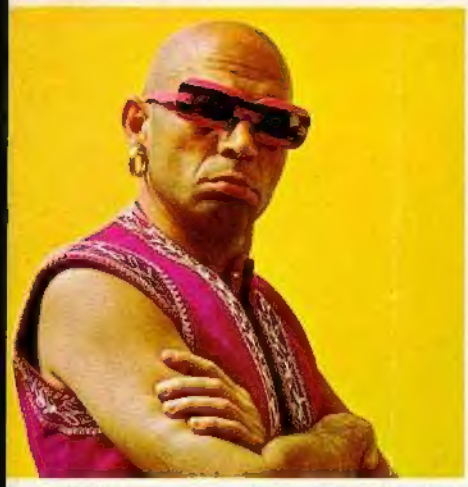
A ▸◂ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

MORGUE

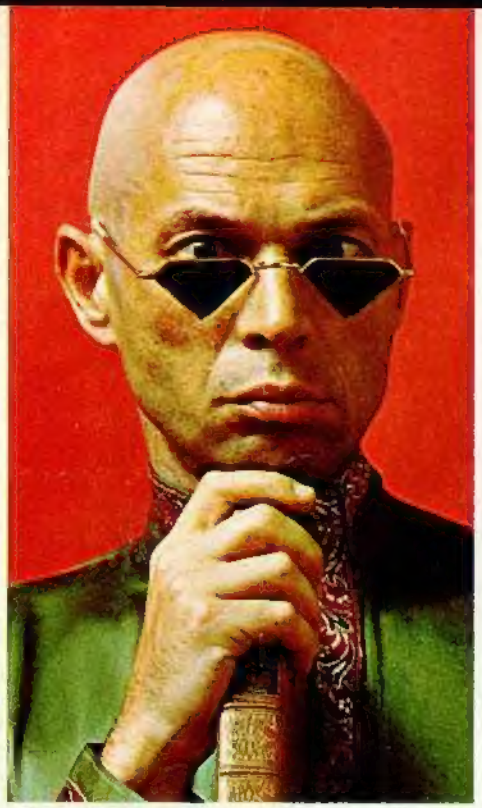
Written & Drawn
by AL JAFFEE

A ONE WAY TICKET

A ▸◂ B



"THE KING AND I were talking the other day, and he told me he had the same problem . . . severe eye strain!"



"THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV was quite a novel. I read it in one sitting. Only if I hadn't been wearing these cheap sunglasses all the while, I wouldn't be half-blind now!"

"ANASTASIA is still a mystery! Was she real, or was she a fraud? The same goes for sunglass lenses. Are they real, or a fraud? The difference can avoid eye damage!"

"THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN-point check-up my opthalmologist gave me confirmed it: Prescription sun glasses for me from now on!"

Isn't that Yul Brynner behind those Finster Glints?

(No, it's a cheap imitation of Yul Brynner behind those cheap imitations of good sunglasses!)

THERE are many kinds of sunglasses. Some are made optically perfect, and are quite expensive, while others just look like the real thing, but are actually cheap imitations. Like our double. He may look like the real thing, but he's not. We couldn't afford the real Yul Brynner. So we got a cheap imitation. Which is okay for an idiotic ad satire, but not when it comes to your eyes!

"TARAS BULBA had it easy in his time. When the sun was bright, he had slaves hold an awning over him!"

"ONCE MORE WITH FEELING, I say, 'Buy a good pair of sunglasses! It pays!'"

Photography by Irving Schild